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LEARNING

THE BEACON

Volume 3 Number 1

Hyannis, Massachusetts

October 23, 1963 - 15 cents

Freshman Initiation Week Antics



Freshmen march along Main Street - Hyannis

Student Senate News

SANDI ROGERS

The Student Senate, headed by President Paul Frazier, Vice-President Bill Perry, Secretary Sally Williams, and Treasurer Bill Crowl, met with the members of the upper class on Thursday, September 26, to elect representatives for the Senate. From each group two representatives and one alternate were elected, as follows:

College Transfer (Dean Mitchell):
representatives—Betty Richey
alternate—Fred Winling

alternate—William Tavares

College Transfer (Mr. Hartley):
representatives—Joe Domingos
Kate Brighton

alternate—Wendy Sears

Secretarial (Miss Tilmanis):
representatives—Pat DiPietro
Clara Cunningham
alternate—Tess Prete

Business Terminal (Mr. D'Alesandro):
representatives—Roger DeNapoli
Richard De Napoli
alternate—Ed Woolley

General (Dr. Hills):
representatives—Manuel Correia
Mary Lou Buckley
alternate—Richard Brezinski

Group M (Mr. Clark):
representatives—Robert Gordon
James Viera
alternate—Judith Dow

Freshman Mixer

BETTY BOIG

The activities of Freshman Week were concluded with a dance held at the Armory, Friday, October 4. We danced to the music of the Boss Buzzards from 8-12 P.M.

The theme for the dance was beanies and more beanies. The hall was decorated by Paul Frazier, Eileen Mathews, Jim Litchfield, Bill Crowell, Pat DiPietro, and Larry Buckingham. Sally Williams was in charge of refreshments. Members of the faculty who attended were Dean Mitchell, Dean Nickerson, and Mr. and Mrs. Roche.

A good time was had by all, especially the freshmen, who were able to go without the traditional beanies because of their win over the sophomores that afternoon.

OTHER INITIATION WEEK PICTURES PAGE 4

Group S (Dean Hanna):
representatives—Richard Sidall
Barry Johnson
alternate—Diane Jordan

Freshmen Week

BRIAN SOUZA

Well, Freshmen Week is over all but the laughs and long memories. Beginning Wednesday, October 2, 1963 a tradition was continued which began last year—Freshmen Week.

On Wednesday, a set of rules was passed out to the freshmen. The rules required them to do such things as wear beanies at all times, wear name tags, answer to the name "clam," recite the school motto, history and significance of the "Red Jacket", and other little things. For those of you who are interested, there are 222 steps in the school, and 1,082 tile squares in the lower corridor. Many upperclassmen received romantic proposals of marriage from some of their admirers wearing beanies. Also, a certain freshman girl displayed a great talent when she did a song and dance routine for the benefit of some sophomores. Throughout the three day period, many of the upperclassmen entertained the town of Hyannis with the antics from the freshman class.

On Wednesday, at 4:00 p.m., the first of several ceremonies took place on campus. The freshmen marched down to Veterans Park singing "Praise the Sophomores," to which they later changed the lyrics to suit themselves. On the way back they marched in

towes with their ankles tied together; however, they weren't singing now. When the students reached campus, a tug-of-war was arranged between the freshmen and sophomore girls. The freshmen cheated, however, with the assistance of the boys. Eileen Mathews tried to dampen things a bit with a nearby hose. She succeeded in getting those around her soaked. Your arm wasn't very good that day, Eileen!

Thursday, at noon, the freshmen met at the circle on campus. From there they paraded through Hyannis down Ocean Street and ended at the Armory parking area. They then formed a circle, took off their shoes, and willingly (?) gave them to a nearby sophomore. The upperclassmen then proceeded to mix up and tie shoes together. At a given signal, the freshmen ran towards the center and tried to find their own shoes. Shoes began to fly in the air and some girls were a little upset over their ripped nylons.

At 7:30 p.m., Thursday night, approximately 150 freshmen gathered on the college campus. They were then given candles and instructed to march, in the rain, down Ocean Street to Kalamus Park, carrying their candles—lit! Upon arrival a bonfire was lit. As the fire illuminated the area around the students, Paul Frazier found water around him. The freshmen made sure they carried on the tradition of dunking the President of the Student Senate. The sophomore class thanks you for taking the dunking for all of us, Paul! The rain hindered any further activity for the night, so everyone proceeded for home??!

The Freshmen Mixer on Friday night at the Armory was supposed to have been the last of Freshmen Week ceremonies, but the freshmen proved victorious at the football game Friday afternoon. Since they had won 28-20, they did not have to wear their beanies to the dance Friday night. Music was provided by the Boss Buzzards.

The upperclassmen would like to thank the freshmen who participated in Freshmen Week. They conducted themselves with the cooperation and patience expected of them. The class of '65 showed great sportsmanship.

THE BEACON

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Letters To The Editor

(The editor hopes to be able to provide a forum for serious student opinion in this column and will welcome letters on any topic of concern to anyone.)

Dear Sir,

Another Freshmen Week has passed, and I for one would like to say, as an upperclassman, thank God! It is always with a sense of the ludicrous that I view students who are young men and women,—forced to make asses of themselves at an institution of higher learning, while certain members of the upperclass run wildly around holding up banners labeled "Tradition"! Concepts such as "rights" and "democracy" are thrown out the window while a group of sadistic sophomores inflict their primitive, unrealistic, and self-abasing "traditions" on masochistic, disinterested, and antagonistic freshmen.

It has been said that such practices as freshmen wearing "beanies" is, after all, a tradition. The inference is that, obviously, this tradition must be carried on. In certain primitive tribes, I have read, cannibalism became a tradition.

It has also been said that forcing a group, in this case, the freshmen class, to undergo a certain amount of duress unites the group. Well said! Hitler certainly united the Jews, and I imagine Governor Faubus will be most likely remembered for helping to unite the Negroes.

I am seriously disturbed by the practice. I suggest a new tradition to supplant the old. Let us make it traditional to act like ladies and gentlemen and let the upper class set an example. Other people have said enough for tradition. Why can't we say and do something for human dignity?

Richard Baker

October 9, 1963

Dearest Mudder, Darling Fadder,

Here I am at Cape Cod College and it is Initiation Week—help!

The Sophomores started the ball rolling with the sale of lovely beanies, each one different and unique. I don't really know the purpose of wearing one, but I'm sure my ignorance is due to the fact that I am a Freshman.

I have a sneaking suspicion that the Sophomores have realized the average I. Q. of the upperclassmen, for they thought it would be best if we wore name tags. This is just one small example of the thoughtfulness that reigns in the upper class.

To help the Freshmen over their bashful hurdles, the Sophomores organized a walk to the beach. They must have a definite pride in the fact that the school is co-educational and naturally, being as naive as most Freshmen, we had very little knowledge of this fact. Something had to be done! Well, never fear, the upperclassmen had everything in hand in a matter of minutes. What else? Why

ask! We walked back with a male companion and just so things wouldn't get dull, they tied us by the ankles. Well, just think! For a mile and a half we had the rare opportunity of comparing scar tissue, blood, etc. Is this or is this not American education in action?

During the following day we were finally beginning to realize the status that the Sophomores had so kindly bestowed upon us. As a display of our appreciation, we volunteered cigarettes and life savers. We were also kind enough to give impromptu command performances. Our talent was so great and in such abundance that the Sophomores, being their unusual selfish selves, had us share our humor with the local townspeople. On Main Street, we marched to the tune of "Praise the Sophomore," "Mickey Mouse Club", and all the rest of the initiation classics. That night the ceremonies were brought to a semi-conclusion with a candlelight procession and a bonfire. The Sophomores, to keep the party going, were kind enough to volunteer a classmate as a symbol of their undying generosity.

Friday, all was brought to a close with the traditional Freshmen-Sophomore football game and dance in the evening.

There are no words, Mom and Dad, that can express the tremendous value I have received from this experience. All I can say is that I will wait anxiously to help the class of '66 be as warmly received as we were.

Your loving daughter,
Irene Smith

The Freshmen at Four C's

GERMAINE CARON

Another year has started at Cape Cod Community College, with many more students being added to the roster. The new freshmen number 220 men and women, who will find this new experience rewarding in more ways than one.

This enrollment of new students covers almost all the state of Massachusetts, with no out-of-state freshmen. There are 114 students from the Cape and islands, 106 from off the Cape. Here is a breakdown of students according to town or city.

Arlington	1	Holliston	1
Attleboro	4	Kingston	3
Barnstable	19	Lakeville	1
Barkley	1	Manfield	1
Braintree	1	Lexington	1
Brewster	2	Marion	2
Bridgewater	3	Marshfield	6
Bryantville	1	Martha's	
Buzzards Bay	2	Vineyard	1
Carver	1	Mattapoisett	3
Chatham	9	Milton	2
Dalton	1	Nantucket	1
Dennis	5	New Bedford	26
Dartmouth	3	Norwell	1
Fairhaven	2	Oak Bluffs	2
Fall River	4	Onset	2
Falmouth	18	Orleans	10
Foxboro	2	Pembroke	1
Hanson	1	Pepperell	1
Harwich	6	Plainville	1
Holbrook	1	Plymouth	15

Continued on page 7

Candid Corner

BETTY BOIG and DIANNA PANESI

Question: Has C.C.C.C. met your expectations?

Brenda Tupper: C.C.C.C. has met up to my expectations and gone a little beyond. I guess I expected college life to be much the same as high school. The subjects, people, and teachers are all different from what I thought they would be. I really am enjoying it more than I intended.

Terry Coelho: Yes, for now I believe that C.C.C.C. is an institution for higher learning. I believe that those who come to this school should prepare themselves for the great competition found both in school and throughout our lives.

Ed Mossey: C.C.C.C. is just what I expected it would be. Do you want an opinion?

Kate Brighton: Yes it does, in fact I greatly underestimated the quality of the school. I have been extremely happy here and wish it were a four year college.

Lennie Clarkson: C.C.C.C. has met my expectations academically. The

courses offered are very good and I feel that a student upon graduation will have a solid background. Socially, I feel a few more functions would help, and the students should try to mingle more, staying away from the cliques.

Wendy Sears: I came here because I flunked out of another school. I planned to stay for only one semester but liked the atmosphere, the professors, the small classes, and also because it puts education on a personal basis where facts are not drummed into your head, thus making you more willing to learn.

Frank Summers: No, 4 C's is not what I expected it to be. The atmosphere of the school is more friendly and more relaxed than I expected. I also expected something more formidable in the way of professors, but now I find that they concentrate on teaching, not controlling their students.



Dr. Irving H. Bartlett

KNOW YOUR FACULTY

JOSEPH SILVA

The faculty member **The Beacon** wishes once again to present to you is the director of our college, Dr. Irving H. Bartlett.

Dr. Bartlett was born and educated in Springfield, Massachusetts. He attended Ohio Wesleyan University, where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree. While he was at Ohio Wesleyan his education was postponed for four years. Three of these four years were spent in the army, and the other was spent in Honolulu, where Dr. Bartlett was working for the government. After receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree he attended Brown University, where he received his

Master of Arts degree and his Ph.D.

Dr. Bartlett spent a year in Pakistan, where he lectured to teachers and students while with the United States Information Service. He then taught one year at Rhode Island College of Education, and then spent the next six years teaching Humanities at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Finally Dr. Bartlett came to live in Sandwich, and became the Director of Cape Cod Community College.

Dr. Bartlett is also the author of many articles, and he has recently had a book published: *Wendell Phillips: Brahmin Radical*.



How do all you potential students! This is all-knowing Snoopy Seagull reporting from behind the closed doors of the **Beacon** office. I'd like to greet the remaining upperclassmen and welcome the incoming freshmen.

The year go off to a swinging start with a dance at the Armory during registration week. It was good to see all those shining new faces filled with confusion and frustration. We're glad you found the "amp" system, Paul.

Speaking of Huck, do you and Tess always study in the parking lot?

I hear through the grapevine that there was an upperclassman party a couple of weeks ago at Judy Dow's. Peter Nese provided the entertainment by singing a few of his original song masterpieces. Many of C.C.C.C.'s potential Julius Caesars attended.

Freshman hazing went over well. The class of '65 looks good. Keep it up. Everyone cooperated beautifully with the exception of a few who ended up in Clam Court. You dirty old clams! How did Ed Mossey manage to get away with not wearing a beanie?

I must commend all those who worked laboriously on the Commons. It looks wonderful. Now we can play bridge again.

Wayne Frost is turning out to be a real lady killer . . . Better watch out, girls. . . And what door did you run into, Dennis? . . . It's been heard around this thriving suburban campus that Bob Gordon has gorgeous shoulders. What say you, sir? . . . Confidential to Glenn Peters: you should have gone to Music class. There was not test. . . And where will you get the wagon, Charlie? . . . I wonder if Richie Gannon gets lonely living all by himself? . . . I question whether Anne Owens can see without her dark glasses. . . For heated debate: Just how old is Ronnie Champoux? . . . Has anyone seen Dallas Trailer? . . . And remember, John, the faculty members should not be referred to as "old boy".

See you around the campus . . .
... Snoopy Seagull

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Freshman Record Hop

JOY HITCHCOCK

On Saturday, September 11, 1963, Cape Cod Community College held its first Freshman Record Hop, sponsored by Student Senate President, Paul Frazier.

This dance was held for the benefit of the freshmen, to better acquaint them with the upperclassmen and their fellow classmates.

With the new class participation at this first social event of the season, the Student Senate hopes they will continue to support other school functions enthusiastically.

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Literary Page

You Can Contribute

The literary staff of the "Beacon" will accept contributions for publication from the student body. The material to be submitted should be in the field of fictional stories, essays, poems, or book reviews, and selections for publication will be made by the literary staff. Here is a golden opportunity to see your own contribution to literature in print.

One Hundred Thousand Years Ago

AARON AVELLAR

One day, one hundred thousand years ago, I was sitting on my rock in the middle of the Black Sea. I said to my other head that I was becoming bored, that I was not meant to spend my life on a rock 250 miles out in the water. My other head laughed and said, "Enjoy this boredom now because in 100,000 years you will see the minds of your generation being eaten away. You will look back on your innocence and you will crave this rock and its inexperience."

I became very angry at those words, and did not speak to my other head for sixty years, but spent the time cleaning my teeth. My other head pretended not to notice. For all those years it did nothing but watch the stars at night and, during the days, it talked into my back pocket. It was amusing. At each dusk it would stop talking, close the pocket and button it, and raise itself and begin to look at the black sky. At each dawn, it would stretch its neck and lower itself, unbutton the pocket, and commence to chatter into it again.

After enduring this for sixty years, I finally gave in and asked it what in the world it was doing. That which my other head said is the following:

"Nonsense running out of your ears is knowledge entering mine. Though nothing you say is something, each day I learn a little from you."

"Though I perceive nothing as something, nothing is nothing without nothing. And when nothing is nothing, I allow it to be something. Because all nothing would not be anything if it were not something."

"So live and do nothing if you want to do something. But while you are doing nothing, I'll be doing something. That is more than nothing but basically nothing."

You could never realize how beserk I became when it finished saying that. Anyway, I bit off my other head and discharged it into the sea. 99,940 years later I was born. That was yesterday, and yesterday must have been pretty bad because as soon as I saw the light I wanted to crawl back to the safety and security of the womb. My other head was rather right. As a human being, I live in a Salvador Dali universe, as a manacled-forged mind, I live in a blind society. Little do I see of reality now, but I saw it yesterday. I saw the scum, the dirt, the white trash, and the American intellectualism that is the product of ignorance.

When I say I wish I lived one hundred thousand years ago, I mean it.

The Value of Discipline

JOHN HOPKINS

We know a great deal today about creativity: creative teaching, creative children, creative scientists, creative artists.

It is the most saleable, least definable commodity any young man or woman can possess. It is one of the most talked about, read about, thought about words in our educational jargon. It is equalled only by the last decade's "whole child". I have done some reading on the subject and am no more knowledgeable about it now than I was when I started. But everyone seems to agree on one and only one point: there are those who have it and those who haven't.

It is commonly believed that creativity will produce inspired thought and great works of art. That great men are creative is axiomatic; however, creative men are not necessarily great.

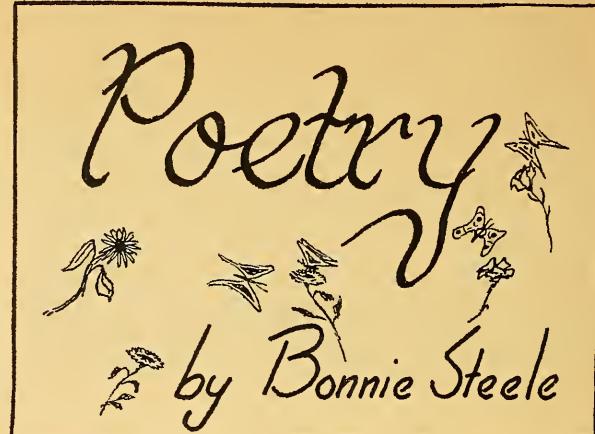
Pallas Athene sprang full grown from the brow of Zeus, but Einstein didn't spring full grown from anything but obscurity. He "arrived" from the insignificant position of clerk to the creator of the mathematical hierarchy, a brilliant mind disciplined by years of gruelling, hard work. Others like him may be found in the stacks of any large library, where the unknown "great" of tomorrow spend hours devouring with miserly greed the contents of books and papers written by hundreds of unknown scholars. But what is the difference?

For a great man, creativity is the ability to combine facts and theories in a new, more rational way than they have been combined before. It is the ability to know a great deal and discard all but what is relevant. It can be the ability to throw away all previous understanding and piece together parts as though they were puzzles never solved before. Being creative is essential to greatness but it is worthless without knowledge and highly disciplined powers of concentration.

What concerns me is the great demands made to encourage the creative child, and the apparent lack of interest in teaching and developing a child's ability to discipline himself. I grant the need for creativity, but where does a child receive encouragement and guidance in self-discipline?

If we do not balance our demands on a child, we will not develop a

Continued on page 5



Could There Be A Hell?

The heart is broken into a thousand pieces,

The hopes are shattered as well,
With all the hate of earth, could there ever be a hell?

The spirit is bent in grief, while sorrow rings its bell.

With all the envy of life, could there ever be a hell?

With the tears of sad, sad eyes, that speak what the mind can't tell.

With all the broken vows of earth, could there ever be a hell?

With the emptiness of the soul, where goodness rose and fell,

With all the miseries of life, could there ever be a hell?

Bonnie Steele

Ave!

Hail to the sky, hail to the earth,

To warm friends and pleasant mirth!

Hail to golden sand's bright hue,

To pale petals dripping dew!

Hail to clouds soft and white,

To the light of day, and black of night!

Hail to the seas, blue and clear,

To endless laughter, and a joyful tear.

Hail to men, beasts, and bird

To precious moments and endearing words!

Hail to life so sweet and free,

Hail to God and then to thee!

Bonnie Steele

When

When the azure sky tumbles to the earth
and the pallid clouds shun tears,

When trees repulse the food from the soil

And children lose their fears.

That, my darling, is when my love for you will end.

When the aqua seas yield forth their victims,

On to the warm parched land,
When the flowers cease to grow, and the wind has blown away the sand.

That, my dear, is when my love for you will end.

When all of heaven roars, and young girls no longer sing,

When all that was life, is dust,
no longer a human being.
That, my sweet, is when my love for you will end.

Bonnie Steele

An Imaginary Town

A tiny little village, in a place called nowhere,

Full of little houses that aren't really there,

Containing little people, who shuffle to and fro.

A town of little people who aren't really so.

Christopher Wren towers, topping churches fair.

Children who don't exist, and really couldn't care.

A hundred green trees, that stretch forth their boughs in the air.

All these in my little town, that isn't really there.

Bonnie Steele.

A Moment in Church

I knelt alone near the altar, my head bent in silent prayer.

Listening to the thousand sounds, that filled the chapel there.

I fixed my eyes upon our mother of love and glory,

And now I shall proceed to relate my fantastic story.

I saw a gentle maiden, kind and fair of face.

I saw her tender smile, that accented her womanly grace.

A touch of rose blush appeared upon her skin,

And her eyelids seemed to close, and then to open again.

With a slight movement of her hands, she seemed to plead and say:

"Come let me save you, throw all your sins away."

I stretched forth my hands, hoping to seek her heart,

But the spell was broken, and the moment shattered apart.

Often I sit and wonder if truly this miracle took place.

Could it have been a sign to warn our human race?

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Literary Page

Continued

THE VALUE from page 4

balanced adult. We will have a nation of adult, "creative," nonentities, for our nation is what we make of our children. Both our heritage and our future are people. Our generation is what the preceding generation makes it be. May we not do better by the next generation?

I Know Just the Book For You

ROBERT SKINDER

I think it was at our first Director's Hour for this year when Dr. Bartlett quoted some famous writer as saying, "College is a time for reading the books we should have read in high school". Now, no one can argue the point that in order to really take advantage of college every student must put a great deal of his time into outside reading. For every subject studied there must be thousands of supplementary books and every student should make a serious effort to read at least some of these.

This, like anything else, though, can be overdone and become something of a problem. It isn't the reading of these books that causes me my biggest problem, but rather the acquir-

ing of them. In the last month I seem to have acquired approximately fifteen hundred books; books that I know I shall never be able to read.

Where do I get these? Well, to begin with, I'm the only one in my family and neighborhood to go to college and all of these people seem to think that although they missed their chance they will see that I get the fullest benefits from my education.

Just for an example, let's take last Friday. After school I went to work. No sooner did I get there than two of my fellow employees came up to me; each of them loaded with books. One of them, it seems, had just lost his great, great grand aunt, and while looking for her in the attic, he had come across a collection of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, and since they were so obviously "college level" I was to be the lucky one.

My other benefactor had a son who had graduated from college thirty-three years ago. She had been cleaning his room, she said, when she came across a few (there were no less than seventeen) history books, which she knew I simply could not get along without. That they were a history of the Jewish people and, naturally enough, written in Hebrew made no difference whatsoever. If I was smart enough to go to college, I was smart enough to read Hebrew.

Needless to say, I thanked both of these investors (for that's what they are, and I, an investment) for all of their help and then tried to pack their books into my car.

After work that night I had a date. When I went to pick her up she



While peeking through the keyhole this year I observed a great deal of

greeted me with glad tidings, "Daddy wants to see you for a minute". Naturally, I was a little puzzled, but I should have known. It seems that "Daddy" used to have this friend with whom he used to go hunting. Now in his spare time this friend was an engineer and somehow or other he had left this book, Advanced, Advanced Calculus Made Simple. Well anyway, this girl's father felt that as a serious minded college student I was entitled to it. I still don't know if I should have confessed that I was struggling with algebra. Probably not. He was much too happy doing his part to push our country ahead scientificaly.

Obviously now, I had enough books to start a library, but was this the end? No, it wasn't. When I got home that night, who should I find still up but my own father. It seems he had decided to clean out his book cases, and while doing so had come across a few gems which, he decided, I should find both interesting and informative. These few gems included seven encyclopedias; four books on anthropology, a subject which I don't even study; at least twenty volumes of history; several books on psychology, from the Life of Freud to the Psychology of Sex. I could have explained that I was only taking a general course in psychology but why bother. He also had several books on English, varying from one on how to write mystery stories to another beautifully describing the place of the noun in modern society. In addition to this there were probably at least fifteen "college level" novels which he had been saving "just in case".

I hope that I have not given the impression that I do not appreciate all of these books, because I most certainly do. Someday, somehow I just might get a chance to read some of them. The only real problem I have now is maneuvering about my room which has taken on every appearance of being merely a bookcase with two windows.

sportsmanship displayed by the class of '65' . . . especially "Halo Shampoo" and his quiet get-togethers, and his classmate, Irene Smith, with her "wormy" sandwiches.

I understand inflation has crept in on the college set recently . . . seems everyone is on an involuntary diet these days. Speaking of diets, what's this I hear about Eileen Mathews starting a banana and milk diet craze?

I noticed that one of our new faculty members, Mr. Roche, attended the Freshmen Mixer. Maybe if the shock wears off he will prove to be an admirer of the current dance fad.

Pat Di Pietro, what's that new song you've been singing lately? . . . He's nice too . . . ??

By the way, Sully, how's the new proctor job? - What was it they asked you to buy??

I understand Bill Carey is back with his Hyannis Janice—too bad girls!!

How's your cold, Paul? That's what you get for swimming in October!!

What's with the screaming at night, Mary Lou? . . . Ed maybe?

How's this for a switch? "Watch your language girls, there's a boy in the house!"—(College Education?)

Hey, Danny Farrell—PLEASE! next time remember to get "Old Gold Filters!" . . . Holly, which Skip did you say you had a date with? . . . I understand some freshmen are party crabby, right, Rui? . . . Gary—how's the peach situation on the parlor rug? . . . I notice Bruce McPherson is just as chubby and cuddly as always!! Sandi Rogers, what did you say your profession was? . . . Phil Carey, I didn't realize you and the boys were crazy about rabbit— . . . I understand there is a split of opinion concerning Wayne Frost. Lady Killer or "cawky little . . . ?

Well, I must close for now, but Boys, don't forget to start saving your pennies for the Cappa Slave Auction. . . . Eighteen slaves to go up for bid!

Well, try to behave yourselves, and remember . . . it's the quality not the quantity that counts. . . . See you . . . thru the keyhole.

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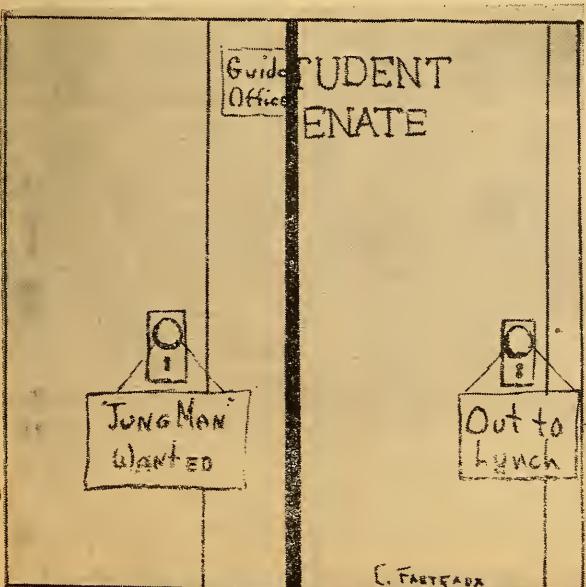
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FRESHMEN—from page 2

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Rockport	1	Weymouth	1
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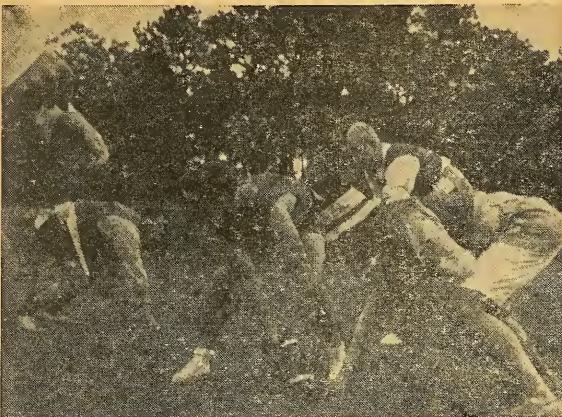
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ANONYMOUS

FRESHMEN UPSET SOPHOMORES 28-20

PICTURE OF TRADITIONAL GAME



RONALD CHAMPOUX

One of the highlights of the Freshmen Week was the annual flag football game between the freshmen and sophomores. The day was clear, with autumn showing off her vivid colored leaves. The stands were crowded to capacity with emotionally tense spectators almost longing to be on the field themselves to help their team on to glory.

The seniors, coached by Edward Woolley, had an offensive and defensive team with some of the members playing both ways. Meanwhile, coach Ronald Champoux, of the freshmen was to play three teams so that at no time he had any tired players on the field and they could concentrate on wearing the sophomores down.

On the opening set of downs, when the freshmen saw the power of the sophomores with over a thousand-pound forward wall, they became unorganized and the sophomores walked all over the freshmen team.

At the beginning of the second period, quarterback Clem Romano starting clicking on his passes and moved his team down into freshman territory. On the third down, with 30 yards to go, Romano deceived the freshmen with a tricky handoff to Edward Valla who on an end-sweep went 30 yards for a T. D. The two-point conversion was no good.

On the next set of downs the freshmen couldn't get anything started, so the sophomores took over first and eighty to go. Romano handed off to Mark Sullivan, who went all the way down to the freshmen's 30 yard line. On the next play Ed Valla on an end-sweep went over for the T. D. The conversion was made good on a spectacular play by Paul White, and the score was 14-0. The freshmen continued to hold the sophomores scoreless for the rest of the first half.

Coach Champoux's second half strategy, with over twenty players on his team, was to send out his best

eight players. Clarkson started clicking and moved the ball up field to the fifty-yard line. The next play, with excellent blocking, he ran on a draw play for the freshmen's first T. D. of the day. The conversion was good, Armstrong catching the pass in the end zone making the score 14-8.

The freshmen's defensive unit held the sophomores to 15 yards on the next five plays, and the lower classmen took over on their own forty. Quarterback Clarkson then connected with a long pass to Armstrong on the five yard line, who went over for the freshmen's second T. D. The conversion to Armstrong was good, and the score finally went in favor of the lower classmen 16-14.

The last period Clarkson handed off to Maranda who went all the way to the sophomores' 25 yard line. Clarkson then threw a T. D. pass to Dan Farrell making the score 22-14. The seniors fought back hard in the last period but lost the ball on a fumble on their own forty yard line. Bruce Maranda then carried the ball all the way for the clinching T. D. and the freshmen went ahead 28-14. The defensive unit for the freshman team excelled in the rest of the game, fighting the heavy opponents for every inch of yardage.

The seniors came back gallantly within the last five plays, Rolly Hicks throwing a long bomb to Bruce MacPherson who caught it on the twenty yard line and went over for the last T. D. of the game.

The score 28-20 is a little deceiving, for the battle fought on the field this day was a hard toe-to-toe fight for two solid hours between two outstanding teams who fought with all their mental and physical capabilities. No single player on either team could be pointed out as being outstanding, for the game was completely a team effort for both sides.

Apparently it is possible to live a lifetime without ever being on time.

All-Stars Schedule 2 Tilts

Mr. John Tullis, Director of Athletics, announced today that the Helmsmen's flag football team has two games on tap for the ensuing campaign, both against teams from Otis Air Force Base. The first of these two encounters will be on Tuesday, October 15, at the Otis Minutemen's home field. Kick-off will be at 8:00 p.m. The Collegians will meet the Minutemen in a rematch a week later on the 22nd, again at 8:00 p.m. Games will be held under the lights.

Last year's All-Star contingent, under the direction of Paul Bisbee, traveled to Brandeis University and handed the John Hughes-coached Judges a 32-8 drubbing. This year's contest with the Off Capers has been cancelled due to the late start of the Brandeis Intramural Football League.

This year's squad will be coached by Ed "Alie" Woolley. According to Easy Ed, this is one of the best squads he has coached to date. Woolley intends to shuffle an offensive and defensive unit in and out of the ball game. The Otis team will be one of the stiffest oppositions the Collegians have to face. Word has it from the Minutemen camp that they are big, fast, and mean. The Otis team has recently been bolstered by the addition of some ex-college semi-pro players.

The Helmsmen will be led by much the same men who starred in last year's contest with the Judges. Returning veterans from last year's combine include Paul White, Dick Brezinski, Bruce MacPherson, Rolly Hicks, Bob Parent, Denny Machado, Clem Romano, Phil Carey, Ed Sullivan, Bill Carey, Andy Milk, and Jolting Joe Domingoes. With this veteran contingent, Coach Woolley has bolstered his attack by addition of some talented Frosh in the person of Bruce Maranda, Ron Champoux, Tom Rapoza, Lenny Clarkson, George Wetman, and Pete Herman.

The Collegians will run primarily out of the shotgun and occasionally out of the T, with Romano calling the plays. He will be flanked by vets Machado and Phil Carey at the running backs. Up front Brezinski and Bill Carey will be at the ends, with Maranda and Hicks at the tackles. Big Paul White will hold down the middle of the line.

The defensive unit includes Joe Domingoes and rugged Ron Champoux at the ends, White and Hicks at tackles, with Bruce MacPherson and Bo Bo "The Bolt" Parent at the linebackers. Defensive halfbacks include Clarkson, Ed Sullivan, and Aandy Milk. Others expected to see action are George Wetman, Tom Rapoza, and Pete Herman.

Directions to Field: Go down Rt. 28 towards Falmouth for 5 miles until

Help! Bowlers Wanted LARRY BUCKINGHAM

On Monday, September 30, students met at the bowling alley to begin a new season of bowling. At the meeting, Barry Johnson was chosen the head of the league and Larry Todd the Secretary-Treasurer.

Only ten students appeared and more are needed. Anyone who desires to participate in the bowling league should see Barry, or Larry, right away. The league will be sanctioned by the A.B.C. and will begin October 14.

A few of the highlights from the past two weeks are: 1.) Barry Johnson had an average for three strings of 172 ("unbelievable") and 2.) Sue and Rick are bowling together, "a strong team."

Members thus far include the following:

Rick Benkoski	Barry Johnson
Susan Sutton	Jim McVey
Ron Levesque	Frank Summers
Ed Ormston	Ron Caron
Larry Todd	Pete Yosefek

Next to never being allowed to finish a sentence, the other cause of social dismay is to be expected to carry the entire conversational load.

you come to a rotary. Take Rt. 151 to Sandwich road, then turn left on Sandwich Road for one mile until you get to the OAFB gate. Ask directions there.

This game shapes up as a real crowd pleaser. All are urged to support their fellow students by attending.

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Volume 3 Number 2

Hyannis, Massachusetts

November 22, 1963 - 15 cents

Dean Nickerson New Director

BRIAN SOUZA

On October 10, 1963 it was announced by Dr. Irving Bartlett, director of 4 C's that Dean E. Carlton Nickerson was appointed director of 4 C's beginning in February 1964.

Dean Nickerson, born in Chatham, attended Chatham Public Schools and was graduated from Exeter Academy. At Harvard College he received his B.S., majoring in Economics with Government and Philosophy as a minor. Dean Nickerson later attained an M.B.A. degree in Administration at Harvard Graduate School. Other courses he has taken are: Harvard Law School—Admiralty Law; Mass. Institute of Technology—Administrative Problems; New York University—Economics and Accounting; American Management Association—Administration and Management; University of Rhode Island—Institutional Research Workshop; University of Mass.—Academic Effectiveness Workshop.

Dean Nickerson has held various administrative positions the last of which was Vice President, Executive Department of the New York Central System, which included New York Central Railroad, Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad, Baltimore Barclay and Park Lane Hotels, mines and various other operations. Also, Dean Nickerson has been director of various companies in the retailing, hotel, and transportation fields.

During Dean Nickerson's interesting career, he has also acquired a great deal of educational research experience. He has been Director of Economic Studies of All Major Industries in the U.S. for the Association of American Railroad, Research Assistant for Studies of Fruit and Vegetable Production, and Distribution in the U.S. for the Fruit Growers Express Co., Director of Studies of Economic Conditions in New England for New Haven Railroad, One of the founders of the American Society for Traffic and Transportation, Visiting lecturer at Harvard and American Universities, Instructor in Economics and Accounting here at 4C's; Dean of Administration at 4C's; and he has published articles in the field of economic research. His activities in various community organizations include being a Trustee and member of Executive Committee of Cape Cod

THE BEACON

NEW 4C's DIRECTOR



Dean E. Carlton Nickerson

Hospital and being a member of the Nauset Regional School Committee.

With such qualifications and educational experiences, Dean Nickerson's appointment is undoubtedly the best that could have been made. Since Dean Nickerson has great concern for the students at 4C's, the school will continue on in great strides under his direction. When asked how he felt about his appointment, Dean Nickerson answered in his usual mild, gentlemanly way, "I am extremely sorry to see Dr. Bartlett leave. He has contributed very much to our school. I

look upon it as a great challenge in this period of great expansion and growth. It's going to require a great deal of ingenuity to provide the amount of quality and opportunity for education that people in this area want."

"I feel this college is and can increasingly be of great importance in education to a great many people who should receive a higher education and who, if we were not here, would not have it. This affects younger people as well as older."

With so many activities in Dean

Nickerson's world, he still finds time for his two hobbies, his family and sailing. "I've found it particularly important for a busy person to have hobbies because it affords him a chance to recharge himself."

Harvest Howl

BILL CROWL

Whack! Whack! These were some of the sounds heard at the Harvest Howl, held in the Student Commons on Friday, November 8, with music by "The Barons". The Harvest Howl signalled the end of initiation week for pledges of Mu Upsilon Gamma.

The harvest theme for the dance was expressed in cornstalks and pumpkins, decorations being the work of Ed Woolley, John Griffiths, Pete Yozefek, and Jim Ryan. Members of the faculty attending were Dr. and Mrs. Hills, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alessandro, and Mr. Clark, club adviser.

During intermission the pledges furnished entertainment. Their final rite required them to duck-walk the length of the Commons and kneel before their Big Brothers, to each receive a whack with a corn broom from his Big Brother.

Club President Ed Whooley has expressed the club's thanks to all who attended.

Mu Upsilon Gamma Week

BILL CROWL

Continuing the tradition set in the first year of the club's existence, Mu Upsilon Gamma held its initiation of pledges on November 6 to 8.

This year, however, the form of the initiation expressed the function of the club: service. The pledges removed the books from the library shelves and dusted them; they gave the Student Senate office a thorough cleaning and waxed and bufed the floor; they helped the custodians clean the Commons, among other things.

Pledges this year are Phil Hughes, David Swift, Sherm Merrill, Harry Munson, George Silva, Frank Summers, Wayne Pittsley, Jim Taylor, Bob Donlin, Wayne Frost, Dick Blanksenhip, John Griffiths, John Daniels, Mike Kaceris, and Joe Janiak.

THE BEACON

Published once a month during the school year by the students.

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CO EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

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Letters To The Editor

(The editor hopes to be able to provide a forum for serious student opinion in this column and will welcome letters on any topic of concern to anyone.)

Dear Mr. Baker,

Yes, you are one hundred percent correct—another Freshman Week has passed and I, also as an Upperclassman, would like to say, what a wonderful thing to look back at!!

If I am correct, no Freshmen at C.C.C. were forced to participate in Freshman Week. It was only the good sportsmanship and cooperation shown by Freshmen that made Hazing the great success that it was.

If, as you say, hazing Freshmen is a tradition that we best do away with, what would you suggest as good clean fun to replace this tradition? I don't seem to recall many, if any, complaints from Freshmen. As a matter of fact, the Freshman class appeared to be enjoying themselves very much during this week. As for sadistic upperclassmen, Freshman week took a lot of work and time from these people so that the school of their choice would have a successful Hazing Week.

It is my belief that Freshman Week did unite the Freshman class, and if it did, what, may I ask, is so wrong with this?

We upperclassmen went through Hazing when we were Freshmen, and we can only look back at this with many fond and comical memories.

Finally, Mr. Baker, is this world so dignified and inhuman that good clean fun should be done away with?

I, for one, hope not.

Student Senate Member

around just because they are one of the so called upperclassmen. This type of person should be done away with because he is of no use to anyone.

Clean fun can be had by all, and many memorable whacky experiences will be imbedded in the minds of the freshmen during Freshmen Week if it is conducted properly.

John Winslow

Dear Editor:

As adults we are mature enough to bear responsibilities placed upon us as college students. We have passed the stage when we were treated like children and expected to bring notes accounting for our absences. We are no longer obliged to go to school but are attending college of our own free will. Since this is true, then why are we restricted to only three cuts per subject each semester?

Our instructors think us mature enough to lecture on an adult level, our parents trust us enough to invest their savings in us, and yet, the administration feels we are not mature enough to know when to attend classes. If everybody trusts us this much, then why in this one simple annoying point are we treated like children?

This shows great inconsistency on the part of the administration's thinking, and should be openly discussed so they can present their reasons for enforcing this ruling.

Annoyed Freshman

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Hazing unifies the group, not in the way Hitler unified the Jews, but by having good clean fun. So what of it if you take a walk to a beach or a park? Good exercise you know.

After you have your "beanie" on for a while, you do not even notice that you are wearing one. You get a good chuckle seeing someone else wearing a beanie and they in turn get a laugh when they see you walking down the stairs adorned with yours.

The ones who ruin Freshmen Week are those who get a "big" head because they start pushing freshmen



Mr. John L. Roche

KNOW YOUR FACULTY JUDY DOW

For those of you who may have wondered, that sharp red Morgan in the faculty parking lot belongs to Mr. John Roche. He is, as you may have guessed, a sports car buff, as well as a psychology teacher and Cape Cod Community College's Guidance Counselor.

Mr. Roche was born and educated in Scranton, Pennsylvania, where he attended Scranton Preparatory School and the University of Scranton. At twenty-one, having received his B. A. at Scranton, Mr. Roche left the hills of Pennsylvania to study for his master's degree at Boston College.

With degree in hand, Mr. Roche journeyed to Templeton, Mass., where he held the position of Guidance Counselor at Narragansett Regional High School for six years. An interesting side note was given by Mr. Roche concerning the name "Narragansett". Originally, the Narragansett Indians set up summer camp there, resulting in the school's name.

In 1960, Mr. Roche once again left high school for college—with a change

of status, of course—to become Assistant to the Director of Admissions and a Dorm Master at Clark University in Worcester, Mass.

Last year, having been interested in the principles of the junior college, Mr. Roche applied for a position within the hallowed walls of Cape Cod Community College. Needless to say, he was accepted as a member of the faculty and now has an attractive office, room 102.

Mr. Roche is married and lives in Harwich. Mrs. Roche teaches Biology in Bourne and has, in the past, done research at M. I. T. and Clark University.

When asked his opinion of the students here, Mr. Roche said he felt that, in general, they were genuinely interested in college as a basic status symbol. He feels that there is a lot of enthusiasm and a fine student-to-student, student-to-faculty relationship here.

Upon being asked if he really liked C. C. C. C., Mr. Roche replied: "Positively. I love it!"



Mr. John P. Rimsa

KNOW YOUR FACULTY RUI SANTOS

This month The Beacon goes to the mathematics and science department of Cape Cod Community College, to acquaint you with Mr. John P. Rimsa. Next semester in addition to teaching mathematics Mr. Rimsa will be instructing physics.

He was born in Athol, Massachusetts, and graduated from Athol High School. He later attended Fitchburg State Teachers College, where he received his B. S. Degree in mathematics. Mr. Rimsa also studied at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, where he received his M. A. degree in science. During the past four summers he has received four National Science Foundation awards for study at the University of Vermont, University of Connecticut, Brown University, and Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Mr. Rimsa is a native New Englander who has spent almost his entire life here except for two years of service in the United States Army. Before moving to Hyannis and joining our faculty at the college, Mr.

Rimsa taught in the West Springfield public high school system and served as the head of the district science study programs in Franklin county. In past years students under Mr. Rimsa's guidance have won regional and national honors in science.

Mr. Rimsa is married and has three sons, and Mrs. Mary Jane Rimsa is presently a sophomore at Cape Cod Community College. Incidentally, he does not intend to study for his doctor's degree until Mrs. Rimsa finishes her schooling.

... democracy, which is a charming form of government, full of variety and disorder, and dispensing a sort of equality to equals and unequals alike.

Plato, *The Republic, Book VIII*

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is everybody's business is nobody's business."

Izaak Walton, *The Compleat Angler*

They can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.

Benjamin Franklin

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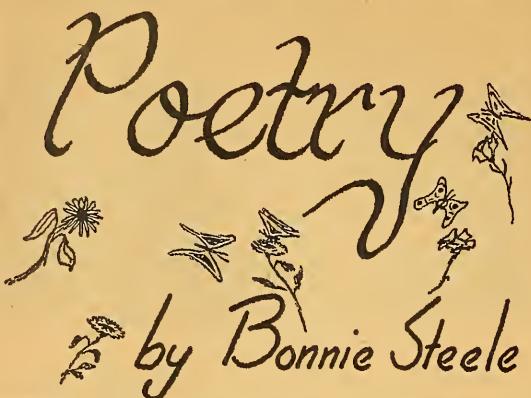
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Now I sit me down in school
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For this great nation, under God
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Now violates the Bill of Rights.
Any time my head I bow
Becomes a Federal matter now.

Teach us of stars or pole or equator
But make no mention of their Creator.
Tell of exports in Denmark and Swe-
den
But not one word on what Eve did in
Eden.

The law is specific, the law is precise,
Praying out loud is no longer nice.
Praying aloud in a public hall
Upsets believers in nothing at all.

In silence alone can we meditate
And if God should get the credit,
great
This rule, however, has a gimmick in
it;
You've got to be finished in less than
a minute.

So all I ask is a minute of quiet
If I feel like praying, then maybe I'll
try it.
If not, O Lord, this plea I make:
Should I die in school, my soul you'll
take.

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Children

BONNIE STEELE

Come my children and grasp my hand,
And I shall lead you to a glorious land.
Your lives were brief, but void of wrong,
Your spirits will live in laughter and song.
Your mothers' hearts are full of sorrow,
While your fathers' live from today to tomorrow.
How little they know, of their tears in vain,
For you will know neither hurt nor pain,
You have reached God's holy land,
So come my children and grasp my hand.

Man

FRED WINLING

Build your churches; make your weapons. Climb mountains; tear them down! Write your books and burn some because they are evil. Watch movies, go to parties, drink milk (it's healthy) and do not forget to try and brush after every meal! Take your temperatures and draw your graphs with perfection! Invent and modify and destroy. Line things up in nice neat little rows and make them work for you. Fight among yourselves and pray to your God for peace. Consume and be consumed. Love and think and try your damndest to be rational. Add up numbers to prove you are rational! Conquer diseases out of fear they will conquer you. Make the world into a piece of putty and mold it into your image. Impregnate it with your smell and force it to support you. You are supreme and, although you have no reason for living and doing all these things, you will go on fighting and dying because you know if you quit, if you give up, you will cease to exist. You are man. (Because you think you are!)

Candid Corner

BETTY BOIG

What do you think of Dean Nickerson's appointment as director of the school?

Karen Nordberg: I think he'll fill the job. He is experienced and he certainly has the patience to understand the student body..

Larry Buckingham: Dean Nickerson is an economical, political, and dedicated man. Because of his association with the student body, I feel that he is well qualified for the position as Director of Cape Cod Community College.

Stephanie Zanko: I think that Dean Nickerson is capable of doing any task that he may undertake. I believe that he will do a great job because of his interest in the student body.

Brian Souza: I think that the appointment of Dean Nickerson as head of the school shows that the community colleges have shown great interest in our school for having chosen such a highly qualified man.

Denny Machado: I think he deserves it.

Andrew Milk: Good, I think he's an excellent choice, very capable man and I'm all for it.

Joanne Baxter: I think it's wonderful. He's great. I know he'll do a good job in his new position.

Dick Siddall: I think it's great to have such an outstanding and educated member of our faculty take over the reins of our school for which we, the students, know he will do a great job.

Sally Williams: It couldn't have happened to a greater person. I know he will do a good job for the college.

Paul Frazier: I know that every student is happy over the decision made because he has helped to make this young college what it is today. Best of luck!

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Literary Page

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The literary staff of the "Beacon" will accept contributions for publication from the student body. The material to be submitted should be in the field of fictional stories, essays, poems, or book reviews, and selections for publication will be made by the literary staff. Here is a golden opportunity to see your own contribution to literature in print.

Strange Fruit's Sam: A Contribution PETER STRINGER

I found Lillian Smith's book a realistic and noteworthy comment upon the racial attitude in today's South. Since the book delves intelligently and realistically into the squalor of a typical small Southern town in such a revealing way, I was mildly surprised that a woman wrote it. Too often I have read the so-called "unexpurgated, filled with realism" novels on a controversial subject, only to find the subject was dealt with in a downright laughable style based more on popular misconceptions and hearsay than on actual observation. Lillian Smith, however, has obviously observed the South first-hand, and written a knowledgeable book on a problem she understands. She has fulfilled the first requisite of good writing: write of what you know.

But, basically, Strange Fruit delivers its message through a clear insight into the thoughts of a handful of characters, both white and black. There is no clear-stated prejudiced viewpoint constantly emphasized throughout the book. Rather, the reader is allowed to decide the issue in his own mind, with no morals being stifled down his throat. This approach gives the book a softer line, and effectively, much more persuasion. So while we are never in doubt as to where the author stands (the very unification of the book can lead but to one intelligent opinion), one has the feeling of making a personal decision himself. If this is her purpose, to arouse indignation and disgust, then she has achieved her purpose remarkably. And singularly enough, it is the one book I have read on the racial question that could conceivably appeal to the Southern intellect. To Kill a Mocking Bird was a fine book, but it was toned down to the point of oversimplification, and left a syrupy taste in my mouth.

Strange Fruit is an intriguing study in conflicting characters, and of these the most interesting to me was Sam Perry, the Negro doctor of Maxwell. For here we have a giant of a man, emerging from the barest of backgrounds into as much sunlight as is possible for a Negro to attain in Maxwell.

This, by the way, can serve as the underlying thought of the book, the main theme of the story. Perhaps it would be better stated thus; the Negro's asking to be accepted as a fellow human being. Sam exemplifies

this quest for equality throughout the book, and in a growing, progressive chase, though he somehow retains his dignity.

It is ironic that upon the introduction of Sam in the novel our first opinion of this man, offered by the white folk of the town, could be very misleading: "Yes Siree, Sam Perry's one nigger a college education didn't ruin. He knows his place." Well, it becomes apparent as we move along that Sam Perry is indeed "ruined", as it were, but I doubt whether the college had much to do with it. Sam affects a somewhat subservient nature to the whites simply because he is wise and recognizes that, for the time being, any other course would be impractical. He would be able to do less good for his people and his cause, were he not to step aside in the distorted Southern path of protocol. It is interesting to note, as we watch Sam bowing to men very often his inferiors, that rather than humiliating and degrading the Negro, our admiration mounts as we realize the tremendous control and discipline Sam must have. Think how very difficult it must have been to lower himself, not occasionally, but day after day (I am talking as if Sam is a real person, for that is what he has come to be for me). This is a heroism that requires great stature because it is no simple spur-of-the-moment act done without thought. Instead, it is a day-to-day situation that rarely improves, or even offers a glimpse of hope. With this in mind, one does not have to possess a charitable imagination to see this Negro's Lincoln-esque qualities. He becomes dear to us, and we identify with him.

Lillian Smith carefully brushes out a general outline of Sam, and then colors it in expertly with illustrative incidents occurring, or having occurred, in Maxwell. All testify to the supreme individual in her book, the one other character that emits that special ethereal quality she has given Nonie. Sam is the person in life we remember because of the meaning he lends to life. We see everyone leaning on Sam, asking him for the answers. With reason, they consider him as unshakeable as an old oak, with roots planted well and deeply. But we also know the "other" Sam that these people don't know, a man searching for answers that aren't there, a deep placid well when looked upon from above, but revealing great turbulences and unrest when explored.

The incident when, as a young man, Sam defends young Eddie to Jack at Salamander's, speaks for

Sam's understanding and inherent kindness. When out on a call with Eddie, he speaks well of various white townsmen, notably Tom Harris, revealing his own broadmindedness and toleration, a characteristic understandably hard to come by for a Southern Negro. When Eddie thinks back upon childhood and remembers Sam never showing pride or arrogance when winning a race, unlike Jack, then we again are shown his basic humility. And in the tense scene following Eddie's shooting Tracy, the absolute dependability — yes, even though it sounds paradoxical, responsibility—in any kind of crisis that is tendered him becomes second nature to anyone that has come to Sam before with trouble. He generates confidence and wisdom.

Now, with all these apparent virtues blessed upon the doctor, and with vices either not mentioned or totally nonexistent, one might accuse the author of attempting to create a veritable superman to contrast sharply with some of these misguided whites. I think not.

Lillian Smith needs Sam, uses him as a tool. True, she wants us to become sympathetic with her cause, and to achieve this she gives Sam certain qualities that make up a fine, sensitive man and thus alerts us to listen carefully to his observations and opinions. But supermen and gods do not become loved through their vast accomplishments and powers. Respected and admired, perhaps, but not loved. And anyone who reads Strange Fruit and is not deeply touched by the character that is Sam Perry, well . . . he probably has a way to go yet in life.

The scene that truly endears us to the man, and makes him unlike a god, is likely the one image we shall longest remember of Sam, and it departs from the "strength impression" of the others. For Sam makes his real contribution to racial thought when he finally weakens. We have Sam sitting in Tom Harris' office, waiting for his friend to finish his business so that he may ask help to safeguard Henry's life, which, he realizes with every tick of the clock, is in increasing danger. When he does get to talk to Tom, and the urgency of the situation is made light of or, as a matter of fact, the reasons behind the situation are minimized, he finally erupts and bares the feelings inside him so long kept quiet. The frustrations and bitterness of the Negro come to the surface at such emotional cost that the reader sees the problems, or should I say, feels the problems, much more clearly and with more empathy than he has ever felt in his life. It is Sam's reversal of type, his asking rather than answering, his crying rather than consoling, his terrible anguish that chokes his words that really evokes our outrage as to the injustice of a situation that should be as antiquated as the Civil War.

Tom Harris says "You can't expect

us to turn a hundred years upside down in a minute", and Sam answers quietly, after a pause, "It's been a long minute for the Negro".

Indeed it has.

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... I thought things like that were illegal?

Tom, how's the liquids? ... Automation will never replace our darling Curt... he's a great member of the school... Bob Richards, eyes are eyes, but... aye yi yi!!! Gee, Bill Crowl, you're one swinger... keep dancing... What's this I hear about five scared girls sleeping together in one bed?... Does Sharon Gordon really know how to play Bridge?... Margie, come back we miss you!!!!

Congratulations to all you Freshmen who made Student Senate... Paul, thanks again for finding that raincoat... What about Phil Carey and his little brother's T-shirts? and Vee-how's the little Portegee... Jeff, how's the nose job?

Via the grapevine... Concensus of opinion at CCCC... BARF ON PROCTORS!!!!

Well, please try to behave yourselves for a change 'cause I'll be watching you thru the keyhole...

Well, here I am again, looking thru the keyhole at all of youse, and from what I've seen no one, but no one is behaving himself.

I noticed that Phi Delta Psi's initiation went off well; what happened to Cappa's??... they had a great beginning... Hmm!! Speaking of initiation, I understand that some girl from Beachwood had a "Sneaker Raid" at 34 Camp Street... I heard Kenin Ryan got quite upset when his size 13's were confiscated. O well, that's life, share and share alike.

Speaking of Beachwood, I also heard that all 16 girls there are being badly influenced by two upperclassmen... (Tom and Katie)... That cheap stuff is for the birds... right, Joan and Carol??

I just got the word from Stames' David Rumney, Ed Wilhelms and Wayne Frost are tough enuf!!

What's this about a certain party being broken up at 10:15... quite a few girls didn't make it that night, right, Rim?

I hear the girls at 15 Harbor Bluff Road are calling Terry "Mother"... how cum??... I understand the boys at Coplands had a house cleaning party led by Stephanie and her little sisters... Hey Steph, how's the Witte One??

Greatly appreciated is the good sportsmanship and great personality shown by Lee Mihan (congratulations on making Student Senate)... Hey Litch, what was that you said the boys at your house talked about after hours??... Brenda, where was it you said you lived? Dennis Police didn't even know!!... Ozzie, how's the knees??... What were those famous last words you said to Whoolie?... I heard that one Bruce MacPherson is very happy with the new crop of Freshmen... Dick, what's this I hear about you not liking to be proposed to?... Joy, how was your weekend escapade?... Chauncy Hall, huh??... Al and Roberta, glad to see you back... Bruce M., my have you changed!!... Bonnie Steele, when are you gonna wash our pillow?... Hey girls, how was that punch? Carolyn Smith, you hot... what were you doing there?... Dick T., we're all in the same boat, so don't give up the ship...

I saw that Eagor was at the dance with his Alice in Wonderland.... speaking of Eagor, where was it that you and five other kids had a party?

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Society— Determinor of Our Fate

We cannot concretely define the word "society". We cannot say, "Hey, Mr. Society, you're all wrong." Who is Mr. Society? Is he you? Is he me? Yes, he is you, me, the top man, the bottom man, the middle man, who suddenly get together and agree on a few other abstract terms. True, not every member of society agrees with every plot society masterfully dramatizes, but those who practice active dissention are quickly done away with, and the inactive dissentors do not count much. Members of society simply sail "society's vast sea."

Greetings and salutations from room B-11 of the Twilight Zone, known locally as C.C.C.C. This is Snoopy ("the mystic") Seagull letting you in on the local gossip.

A couple of weeks ago, as I was winging over the campus, I sighted a number of weirdly attired homosapiens. The boys had on the usual human-type clothes—only peculiarly reversed. As for the fair representatives of the female sex—forget it! They really looked like they were expecting an air raid. After seeing that I swung out and headed for the Atlantic! I know now that I was not hallucinating, as I saw four of those "things" on the front page of the Standard-Times. That really fluttered my feathers!

Benj, must you publicize the fact that you love Dennis? If I were you I'd keep THAT quiet... What did you say they found under your bed Dennis?... J.G., are you and your favorite leading lady practicing for your parts in the latest production of "Love in the Afternoon"? Apparently, you're method actors... Bonnie, that was a mad scene, but remember, "Pillow's Talk".

This week's "Hootenanny Hoot" (and I mean hoot)—Peter Nese is still singing THOSE songs, Sally is still TRYING to sing, and Poor POPPY is ATTEMPTING to sing with Sally. The whole situation is really pathetic.

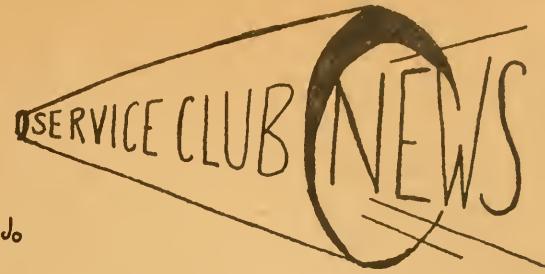
Mike Williams, don't you wish they'd do away with Monday mornings.... Although Peter Stringer drives a very fashionable cranberry Ford, he'd best learn to drive on the right side of the street.... Diane, the car looks great, but we miss the jeep.... Congratulations to the recently elected Freshman Senate Representatives. Glad to see you in there fighting, Champ.... Did you and the "Pes." REALLY study that afternoon, Brenda?.... Dennis Machado, how would you like to stand fot-in-mud for fifty minutes?... Too bad she dropped out, Rich.

And with that I'll be gone.

See you around the campus.
Snoopy.

CENTER NEWS of Hyannis

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YR Notes DIANE DUGAN

On October 15, the college's Young Republicans Club held its first meeting of the season. President Michael Williams conducted the meeting and gave a resume of the Club's activities during its first year. Wishes for another successful year were conveyed from the area's Republican State Committee Woman—Esther Tsiknas, Attorney General Edward Brooke, and Congressman Hastings Keith. The election of the new slate of officers was held and the following were unanimously elected: President—Michael Williams, First Vice-President—Diane Dugan, Second Vice-President—Peter Nese, Corresponding Secretary—Judy Dow, Recording Secretary—Sally Lyon, and Treasurer—Brenda Wilkinson.

The Club is grateful to Ralph Weston, President of the town of Barnstable's YR Club, who came over to speak at our second meeting on October 31. He gave a fine talk on "The Selection of a Candidate."

During the month of October, several of the officers represented the Club at Republican activities. Michael Williams, Peter Nese, and Diane Dugan were present at the "Edward Brooke Reports to Barnstable County" dinner held at Bacon Farm on October 8. And on October 16, Michael Williams and Diane Dugan attended the \$100.00 plate Republican Finance Committee Dinner at Commonwealth Armory in Boston. The highlight of the evening was the speech made by Barry Goldwater, U. S. Senator from Arizona.

It is urged that anyone interested in joining the club watch the bulletin board for the time of the next meeting. All are welcome.

Can one desire too much of a good thing? As You Like It, iv, i.

Where Friends Meet

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Mu Upsilon Gamma BILL CROWL

Ed Woolley, president of the M.U.G.S. opened the first session of the M.U.G. meeting by welcoming all the new pledges. On the agenda for the M.U.G.'s meeting is their initiation for their pledges. To top the week the M.U.G. will have a dance on November 8, 1963 called "Harvest Howl" at the armory.

The officers of the organization for this year are as follows:

President—Edward Woolley
Vice-President—Edward Ormston
Secretary—Barry Johnson
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Dick Craig

Continued from page 7

SOCIETY—DETERMINOR from p. 7

ates to aid us in our quest. Yes, these people dress our wounds along the way, care for our animals, repair our broken machinery, and clear the paths to glory for us. Yet, once their menial work is done, and our Ivory Tower among the stars is completed, they slowly sink back into their lowly positions. These poor unfortunate are victims of society's bitter vetch. They drank a little too much, and we, her more elite rulers, did not drink much.

As I, a white person, write this paper, I feel quite relieved that I was born white, but I am sometimes uncomfortable. No, I cannot be proud of my white skin, because many of those with my coloring, or lack it, have been lax in their duties. They, and I being a member of their elite club "society" have been lax too. How have we been guilty of the "un-pardonable sin"? By forming our little abstract group "society", we have forgotten that great club to which all mankind belongs—"humanity". Our "shaded-in" brothers are members of this group along with us. They are charter members, who cannot be ousted from their equal position. We are not the officers in charge here, but rather look to a chief-of-staff who originally formed the club, and has led it since. We often forget in our eagerness to with fame and fortune with "society", that He exists and that His club is first and foremost.

Our poor Chief sadly gazes down at the club He first started, and I wonder how He feels when He sees His charter members acting as they do. He must notice that, for the most part, all of the members still include themselves in the group's activities, yet they seem to practice group tenets in separate corners of the clubhouse. With such a versatile, large clubhouse, one might think that so much could be accomplished, yet nothing worthwhile ever seems to be, with relation to relationship among members.

The picture society presents is a broad one. It forbids a substantially good Negro from using its neighborhood. Why? Naturally, the quality of this "good clean neighborhood" would go down. This one Negro would be responsible for "devaluing of property", "blight setting in", "good people moving out", etc. All in all, he is a pretty powerful individual —this Negro. He certainly carries a lot of weight, and I would say that perhaps these white neighbors ought to screen him more closely. For no white man could begin to equal the feat that this Negro could accomplish that of destroying a vast section of "society" with one tiny move.

Who says these things will happen? Society. Who is society? You and me. Therefore, we are back where we

started, in the great sea, with a huge wave headed in our direction. That wave was begun by a small pebble tossed into the sea by society. The only way to stop it from engulfing us is to stop tossing pebbles. For the greater the number of pebbles tossed, the greater is the expanse of that wave.

I chose to write about "society" our world-famous abstract, using abstract terms, because I felt that in no better way could it be explained. People allow society to rule their lives; yet they cannot explain why. Very often, they do not agree with all of society's rules, but they are so afraid of the consequences, that they care not state this fact. I believe that some of us should begin to realize that we are society's determinors; that we, by reforming can include Christianity and Brotherly Love within in society's realm.

Perhaps a solution to the problem society poses lies with the generation to follow. Children are not born with fear, resentment, jealousy, and prejudice. Rather, adults as "do-good" members of society teach these things to children. Children are carefully taught to hate, to be prejudiced, to fear, and in general to be fine upstanding citizens of society.

Most people, however, do profess to believe that prejudice is wrong. Why, then, do they painstakingly teach "Johnny", that "Sambo", "Chen", and "White Feather" are different from him. If these things were not taught to "Johnny", by adults, then, maybe just by chance, he might learn that color does not determine a person's worth. Just by chance, he might learn that people really were Created Equal by God. Just by chance, he might become a truly "solid citizen", who lives in one huge world of "good clean neighborhoods".

Man is a marvelous curiosity. When he is at his very best he is a sort of low-grade nickel-plated angel; at his worst he is unspeakable, unimaginable; and first and last and all the time he is a sarcasm.

Mark Twain, Letters from the Earth

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The Satirical Ending of Huckleberry Finn

GEORGE E. PARMENTER, JR.

There seems to be some question and much controversy over Mark Twain's reasons for ending *Huckleberry Finn* as he did. This bringing in of Tom Sawyer could be the nastiest sarcasm in the whole book.

Through most of the story, Huck is seeing the world through his own eyes. He is seeing corruption, he has run away from home, and he and Jim have gained both respect for each other and friendship. Huck has seen, with his own eyes, that black man and white man are equal, and that the distinction between the two is wrong and foolish, the result of biased thought and twisted principles.

All of this is one huge (and sarcastic) remark on the society in which Mark Twain lived. By seeing society through the eyes of a relatively unbiased mind, Twain can make the truth stand out and can expose all the false beliefs and half-truths which permeate society. All this leads to the last part of the story in which Huck knowingly goes along with Tom Sawyer, while he is obviously the smarter one of the pair and the one who knows more.

Possibly this is an attempt to make the book more salable to the public by making it tie in with his previous best seller, *Tom Sawyer*. This is possible, but somewhat unlikely, since Twain is noted for his biting wit and his outspoken opinions.

More likely, in this last portion of *Huckleberry Finn*, Twain is showing that society does not know that its powers lie in much fanfare over something that can be said very briefly. Perhaps Twain also implies that he is laughing at society at the same time he is conforming to it. In this portion of the book, Huck goes along with Tom in the hiding in the caves and in Tom's generally spectacular way of doing things. All this time Huck is obviously (to the astute reader) much smarter than Tom. Huck takes a back seat; yet he, in his way, directs the operation.

This could show that Huck, representing the individual, and Tom, representing society, are together, and yet that society, while it is doing something it thinks is its own idea, is actually being directed by the quiet individuals who take a back seat. This, of course, directs one back to the rest of the book, in which Huck learns about the obviously foolish, yet adamant, prejudices which existed (and still exist) in society.

In most of *Huckleberry Finn*, Huck and Jim are on the Mississippi, learning about life from the people they meet. Huck is forced by circumstances to accept Jim, and eventually gains much respect for him. Huck, having been forced to accept Jim, and having a relatively unbiased mind, is also forced to see him as he is, and to accept him as a human being, not an

animal, or dirt under foot. Huck and Jim must cooperate to stay alive on the river, and thus Twain mirrors the foolishness of prejudice by forcing Huck to accept Jim, indicating his acceptance by the revealing remark: "I knew he was white inside."

In the same way, Twain exposes the opportunists (the Duke and company). While Huck accepts them at their face value at first, he slowly comes to realize that they are really con men, and not very glorious ones at that.

All the way down the river, Huck and Jim run into people in all walks of life. Through Huck's contact with them, Twain reveals them for what they really are. This all points to the ending of the story as a greater satire rather than a mere connection between the two books, *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer*, or as a way of showing that the individual, Huck, is actually subservient to society (Tom) or that he actually reveres society.

The entire book, before the ending, is one huge satire, so why not the final part as the greatest satire of all? By showing society that it is made up of deluded fools, and yet by delivering his judgment in the guise of an adventure story, Twain succeeds in hiding his slashes at the society in which he lives (although not too well, since the book was banned in many places.)

Continued on page 9

We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion. Samuel Dickson Blanchard



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Hyannis

Continued on page 8

In Huckleberry Finn, Twain has shown his society what is actually is. This was his purpose, of course. However, he does not really conceal his feelings, and yet he does. Huckleberry Finn has been called Twain's greatest novel, and yet when it was published, it was a failure and was banned. This shows that Twain was not entirely loved by all during his lifetime, but that he must have made many enemies, also.

Everything that the writer of this paper has read indicates that Twain was radical in his own time. He agitated for change, in his own way, and he ridiculed the society he lived in. Yet he has come down to us in later years as a man of country wit, and not as a man with a very subtle sense of ridicule and humor, and a man with a prying eye for the foibles of humanity.

Twain was a man of conviction, and he allowed his convictions to come through to his readers in his writing. We who read his books know him by legend and by fact, many times confusing the two. It is known, however, that he did reveal his character and personality in his books. This is perhaps the greatest argument against the possibility of Twain trying to tie Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer together by the last part of Huckleberry Finn.

To recapitulate, Twain is a satirist. Huckleberry Finn is probably his greatest satire. There have been points made that Twain might try to tie the book to Tom Sawyer by the ending; yet the whole book is a vicious slash at society, and there is no real reason why the ending could not be the most concealed, yet most vicious, cut of the book. The book is very controversial, particularly the ending, and it was controversial when it was first printed. Huckleberry Finn shows people for what they really are, after their false fronts are removed. This could be the reason it was banned in many places when it was printed.

Thus, in this essay, the writer has attempted to explain and to substantiate his interpretation of the ending of Huckleberry Finn. He feels it is Twain's best satire, and that it shows society for what it really is, not what it makes itself out to be.

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LOUIS DEAN

364 Main St. Hyannis

SPORTS Continued from page 10

Intra Mural Football JOHN ROGERS

With the race in the flag football league approaching the climax, it appears that it will be a battle between the Rags and Finks to decide first place. The Rags are a full game up on the Finks being 4-1-0 as opposed to the Finks 3-1-0.

The complete standings are as follows:

Rags	4-1-0
Finks	3-1-0
Smocks	2-2-1
Clunkers	2-3-0
Speedsters	1-3-1
Eagles	0-3-0

410 Use I-M Facilities

The statistics show that basketball was far and away the most popular of all sports that were offered during the month of September. There was a grand total of 410 participants for the month of September, of which 232 students (216 boys and 16 girls) played basketball. It was followed by flag football which had a total of 72 participants, 68 played table tennis, 32 shot billiards, where as only 6 kept their muscles in shape by lifting weights.

Students are urged to watch the weekly intramural schedule for further announcements, but other intramural activities they can look forward to this year include golf, and tennis this fall; basketball and figure skating during the winter months; baseball, tennis, golf, and softball in the spring. Volleyball, badminton, and swimming in the form of Water Safety classes at Otis Air Force Base, round out the sports activities that will be topped off by a number of seasonal tournaments.

The Armory will be open week days, Monday through Thursday, 4-6 and Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 7-9. Facilities available are weight lifting, basketball, table tennis, badminton, pool, and wrestling.

T is the dessert that graces all the feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest.
W. King, Art of Cookery.

Padovani's Drug Store

NORTH PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Girl Hoopsters Schedule Workouts

Girls' Basketball got under way several weeks ago with practice sessions at the Armory on Monday and Wednesday afternoons. The female hoopsters are working on fundamentals and rules of the game both boys and girls' regulations depending upon their opponents.

Games have been scheduled with the Cape Cod Hospital Nurses and the Otis W.A.F.S., and the C.C.C.C. girls hope to play some of the Cape high school varsity squads.

Dianne Jordan, Sally Sylvia, and Cynthia Neal have been helping with the organization and coaching of the team. Some of the active participants include Lydia Almeida, Bonnie Steele, Ruth Orpin, Pat Duncan, Margaret Rimmer, Joan Patrick, and Marilyn Benjamin.

The girls hope to be playing their first game in about two weeks and students will be welcome to come and root for the first C.C.C.C. Girls' Basketball team.

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ALL-STARS DROP 2 AT OTIS 24-16, 12-8

Defensive Unit Sparkles 4C's Offense Stalls in Twin Defeats

RONALD CHAMPOUX

The Otis Minutemen put on an awe-some show of offensive power to push over a TD in the final 10 seconds to upset the 4 C's All-star contingent 24-16.

Paul White kicked off, to open contest for the stars, and Otis received the ball on their own 10 yard line and returned it to their own 22. Quarterback Hobbs handed off to right half back Henderson through right guard up to the 4 C's 40 yard line. Hobbs on 1st and 20 faded back and hit Hobbs on the Collegians line and he carried over for the first TD of the game. Maddox caught a pass, for the two point conversion and Otis led 8-0. Sullivan took the kickoff and returned it to the Collegian' 30 yard line.

Quarterback Romano threw a pass to Brezinski who went down to Otis's 40 yard line. On the next play the 4 C's fumbled, and Otis took over the first down with 20 yards to go. Hobbs handed off to his left halfback Ellwood on a draw play went up the middle for 20 yards. He then threw to Martin out in the flat who went all the way down for Otis's second down of the game. The two point conversion was made by Maddox on a sweep around right end, and Otis led 16-0. The rest of the first half was strictly a defense game with the 4 C's trying Otis's powerful offensive unit.

In the second half Romano started clicking and hit Bill Carey with a long pass which he caught on Otis's 20 yard line, and was knocked out of bounds on the 5 yard line. Sullivan then carried the ball around right end for the 4 C's first TD. Brezinski caught a pass in the left corner of the end zone for the two point conversion. The defensive unit tied Otis up on the next set of downs and the Helmsmen took over on their own yard line.

Romano on the first down handed off to Machado who bobbed and recovered all defense of Otis and proceeded down field until he was knocked out of bounds on Otis's 30 yard line. Bill Carey then carried the ball down to the 14 yard line on an end sweep. Romano then backed up and handed off to his right halfback and as the offensive unit of the 4 C's moved to the left, Romano had the ball on his right hip and went around right end for the Helmsmen's second TD. Machado then proceeded to go over left tackle for the two points that tied the game 16 all.

The rest of the game the Big Red defensive held Otis to very little yardage with 25 seconds left in the game, and Otis's ball on their own 40. Hobbs handed off to Ellwood who

went around right end with 5 blockers in front of him and scored the game winning TD. Jackson then scored the game winning TD. Jackson then scored two points and the game ended in disappointment for the 4C's 24-16.

The following Tuesday, Oct. 22, the Collegians again journeyed to the Otis field determined to gain back their prestige.

The Collegians kicked to the Otis team who brought the ball back to the 25 yard strip. On the second play from scrimmage Middle Line Backer Bruce MacPherson intercepted Hobbs pass and carried back to Otis 15. On the very next play Romano threw to Brezinski who went over for the first TD of the game. White went over for the two point conversion. The Collegians led 8-0. Sparkling play by both defensive units highlighted the rest of the half.

Five minutes before the second half ended, Walker handed off to Hall who ran 40 yards down the sideline for Otis's first TD. Big Red, the tough defense units of the Helmsmen, dug in and held Otis's offensive unit on the try for points. Half time showed a score of 8-6 in favor of the 4C's.

The second half of the game was strictly determination; blood and sweat by both teams to gain any yardage. The Defense gave it their all on every play. At the 5 minute mark of the second canto Bruce MacPherson intercepted his second pass of the encounter and ran it back to the Otis 40. But again the Offense couldn't get going and the ball went over to the Minutemen on downs on the 4 C's 30 yard line. Quarterback Walker threw to Moore who grabbed the ball on the 5 yard line and scooted in for the game winning TD. The two point conversion was no good with Boo Boo the (Bolt) Parent blocking the pass. The game ended with the score 12-8 in favor of Otis, but the Helmsmen made a lasting impression on the minds of the Otis as an outstanding team who showed good sportsmanship and hard playing throughout the whole game.

All hats should be off to the good showing the Helmsmen made at Otis in both games they played.

a suicide is a person who has considered his own case and decided that he is worthless and who acts as his own judge jury and executioner and he probably knows better than anyone else whether there is justice in the verdict

Don Marquis, archy and mehitabel



Co-Captains Bill Carey and Dick Brezinski

Coach Bob "S" Manning of the Community College Basketball team announced that he has issued his initial call for prospective hoopsters for the coming roundball season.

Manning said daily practice sessions commenced on Monday, November 4 on the Hyannis Elementary hardwood. Candidates reported at 4:15 sharp. The mentor says this year's club will be primarily a running team. Manning plans to carry a 12 man squad to all games.

The Helmsmen have a strong nucleus to build around, with the loss of only one man, Paul Parolski, via graduation. Last year's leading scorer and rebounder 6'5" Paul White will be back to don the togs at center. At forwards are returning vets co-captain Bill Carey and Rolly Hicks, both good team ball players. The Helmsmen mentor feels he is strongest in the backcourt with four experienced guards. Led by Co-Capt Dick Brezinski with Bruce MacPherson, Clem Romano, and Paul Sequin, Manning figures to have a high scoring threat in the backcourt. Ed Sullivan, another

veteran, will be expected to see action up front.

Manning said this year's club, which features many of the same faces as last year will see a far tougher schedule than the initial combine did. Added to the Helmsmen's schedule this season are teams such as Brandeis and Sufolk Uni. frosh Clubs, evidence that the Cape Hoopsters are starting to gain status with bigger schools. Further evidence of the place the Helmsmen are making for themselves in the hoop loop is that a game has been scheduled with the highly touted Boston College Freshmen. The game will be at Roberts Center, the Eagles home hardwood at Chestnut Hill. Top-off for this game will be 3:15. The Eagles probably have one of the most publicised frosh clubs in the area.

This first game for the Cape Cagers will be Dec. 1, when the Collegian Cagers travel to Quincy to do battle with Quincy Jr. College. The Helmsmen split with the Presidents last year winning at home and dropping one of them on the road. Tap-off for the first encounter will be 8:15.

MORE SPORTS ON PAGE 9

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Hyannis, Mass.

THE BEACON

Vol. 3 No. 3.

Hyannis, Massachusetts

April 17, 1961

NEWS IN BRIEF...

COMMONS MAYBE CLOSED

Hyannis, April 16. John Baldasaro, Business Manager and Assis tant to the President of Cape Cod Community College announced today that it may be necessary to close the Student Commons.

Baldasaro, in making the statement, emphasized that students had been given every opportunity to keep the student meeting place clean and orderly, but that they had not responded satisfactorily.

The whole matter, now in the hands of the Student Senate will have to result in definite action, or there will be no alternative but to close the room.

STUDENTS AID SHOW

Hyannis, April 16. Student Senate is again assisting in the annual Hyannis Rotary Club sponsored "Home Show" at the Hyannis Armory.

A senate representative said that this is one of the ways that students at CCCC can show their appreciation for the furnishing of the Senate Office - provided last year by Hyannis Rotary Club.

Those helping this year are Sharon Gordon, Aaron Meyer, Jane Tobin, Pat DiPietro, Ellen Fitzgerald, Bill Crowl, Ed Vaughn, Jim Mulligan, Ed Woolley, John Teiro, and Paul Frazier.

NEGATIVE WINS DEBATE

Hyannis, April 15. Today's debate in Director's Hour was won by the negative team of Jim Licker and Jim Schenfelder, judges announced shortly after noon today.

Judges were E. Cailton Licker son, President of the college, W. Douglas Mitchell, Dean of Men and Muriel MacKay, Commercial Department Chairman. Losers Dick Baker and Kate Ward joined judges in congratulating the winners.

NEW PAPER OUT

Hyannis, April 17. The Beacon resumed publication today after a lapse of several months.

Sparked by the enthusiasm of Jim Schenfelder and several other older students, the CGCC publication took on new energy as well as a new format for its first issue since last November. All phases of producing the new paper are now centered right here in the college.

With this issue, the paper hopes to become a weekly publication, thus insuring CCCC students of accurate, up-to-date news, features and with the next issue, advertising.

Schenfelder, in an exclusive Beacon interview stated, "I hope people get behind this and pitch in and help. We can't do it alone. I don't think it will really be a good paper if we try to do it alone - at least we're doing it, though, and that's something."

SCHOLARSHIP FUNDS AVAILABLE

Hyannis, April 17. There are a number of state scholarships available for Massachusetts residents. The state scholarship board may grant one quarter, one half or full tuition aid to academically worthy, full time, needy students.

Money may be used to attend any accredited college in the state except the University of Massachusetts. Applicants need not be geniuses, just sincere, needy students. Write today:
Board of Educational Assistance
200 Newbury Street
Boston, Mass. 02116

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Tap-off for
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Hyannis, Mass.

urdage with ..
me, and Otis's ball on ..
. Hobbs handed off to Ellwood who

NEWS-NEWS-NEWS

COLLEGE WEEK- END PLANS SET

SUMMER SCHOOL REGISTRATION MAY 6

Hyannis, April 17. Dean Elinor E. Hanna, Director of the Summer Session announced today that registration for summer courses will be held on May 6, for CCCC students.

Dr. Hanna emphasized that preference for places in summer session classes would be given to CCCC students, and that this was why they were to be given an opportunity to register at this special time.

Dr. Hanna also indicated that complete details regarding the summer session would be available to students within a few days.

SOPH TEST RESULTS CALLED GOOD...

Hyannis, April 17. Admont G. Clark, English Department Coordinator, indicated today that results of the Sophomore English Tests would be available to stud students as soon as they are tabulated.

"On the whole," Clark said, "we are very pleased with the results."

JOBS AVAILABLE

Hyannis, April 17. Dean of Students John Loche has urged students to check the bulletin board near his office for information about a number of excellent job opportunities for students.

Those interested in further information should consult with the Dean of Students as soon as possible.

Hyannis, April 17. Finishing touches are being put on plans for the annual College Weekend according to John Ferro, Fresh proxy.

The weekend events, which will begin May 1, and last through May 3, will include activities to attract every member of the student body.

Thus far, a semi-formal dance is slated to be held at the Mill Hill Club on May 1. This event will be free to all CCCC students, though a small charge will be made for dates or escorts who are not CCCC students.

May 2 will see the chicken bar-B-e-que at Doves Beach in Osterville. Directions for this part of the activities have not yet been completed, but will be published as soon as they are. The event will be free to CCCC students, however. On the same evening there will be a bonfire at the same location followed by refreshments and dancing.

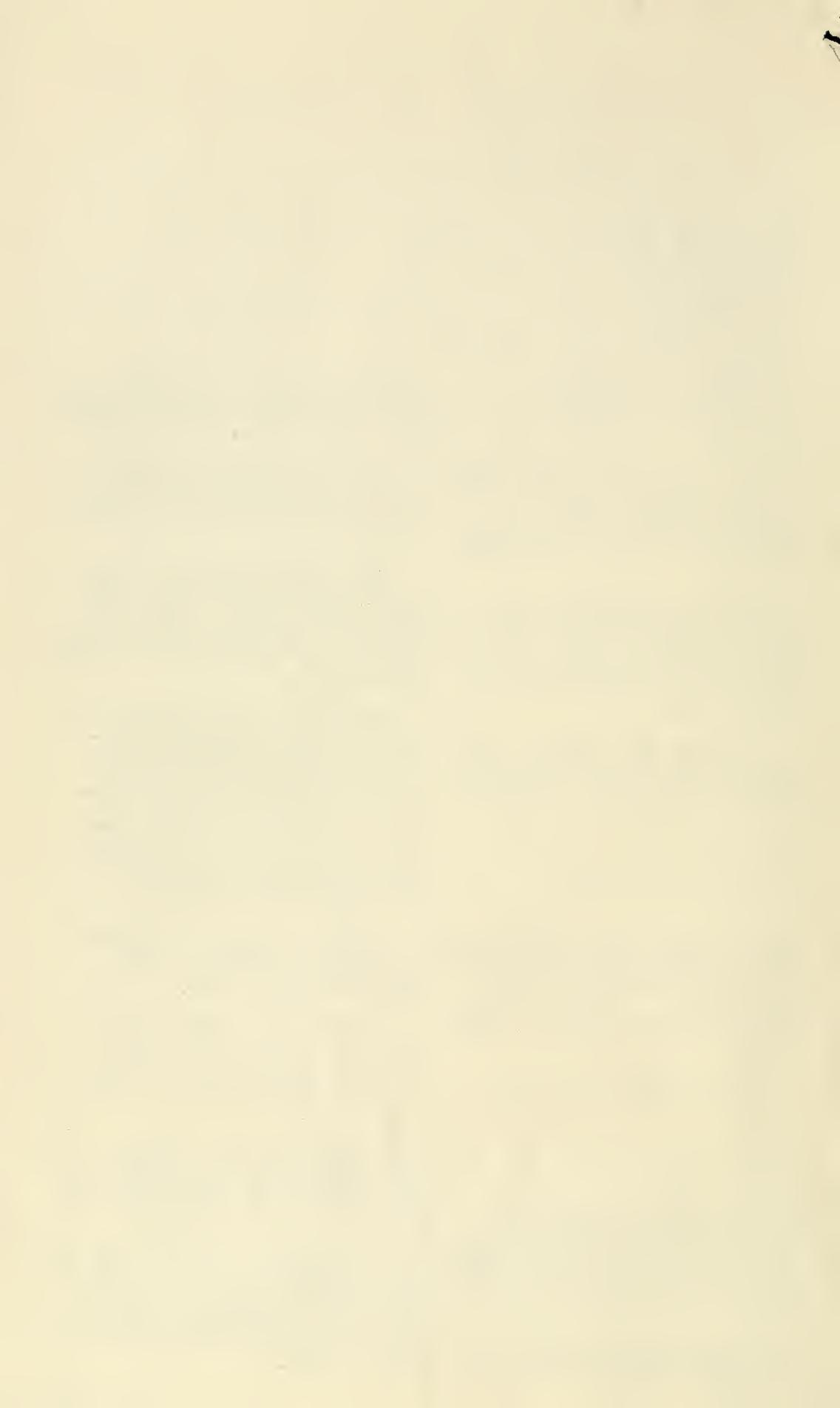
Sunday is still in the fire, but plans are expected to be announced in plenty of time for students to make plans.

Students are reminded that no alcoholic beverages will be permitted at any of these events.

LATE BULLETIN...

Hyannis, April 16. TOO LATE FOR INCLUSION IN THIS ISSUE, A DISMISSED MEMORANDUM TO STUDENTS WHO OBJECT TO THE PUBLICATION OF THIS ISSUE WAS REPORTED.

DUJOURS CHAMPION A SOLD A PETITION, CONTENTS UNKNOWN, AND THE PROPOSAL TO HIRE THE EDITOR AND OTHERS IN BREVITY. IT IS HOPED THAT FURTHER DETAILS WILL BE AVAILABLE AFTER THIS ISSUE HAS BEEN PRINTED.



THE BEACON

Vol. 3, No. 3 April 17, 1964
EDITOR . . . James A. Benefelder
BUSINESS MANAGER . . . Gerald Bridgeman
FACULTY ADVISOR . . . Peter Hartley

EDITORIAL

The old Beacon is dead.

It died a slow, painful death.

It died of boredom and apathy.

It died because you didn't want it.

It died because your feelings were hurt by editorial judgments.

It died because you weren't interested in layout or spelling or trips to the printer or type faces or journalistic conventions or a million other things that go into a newspaper.

Every effort reasonably possible was made to pacify each clique, each group, each individual - and when everyone was pacified, nothing happened. So now, one specific identifiable group has decided that it wants a paper, and wants it now. I've said so ahead. If your feelings are hurt, if you don't like the format, if you think it ought to be this or that or something else, say so. Put it on paper and send it to the editor. Better than that, go see him and see what you can do.

No student activity was ever successfully operated by faculty coercion. The quality of this paper, whether it succeeds or fails, will be in direct proportion to the enthusiasm and hard, sometimes grueling work that goes into it.

Let's go!

pch

The head never begins to swell until the mind stops growing.

-Anonymous

Scholastic standards -the poles supporting the school flags.

-J.A.S.



464

SOLUTION OFFERED TO COTTONONS MESS

The Administration has a problem. It seems despite many entreaties, appeals to reason, threats, warnings by the board of health, etc., that the students still refuse to make any motion toward keeping the cottonons clean.

Mr. B., I have the answer!

Why not convert the cottonons into a huge automatic garbage truck. I am sure that modern technology is equal to the task. The automatic cottonons would work on the same crushing principle that is used in modern disposal trucks. The entire system could be operated by a button that could be conveniently pushed in the custodian's office.

Once a week the whole cottonons could be driven to the town dump and emptied. I realize that this method may cost us a few card players, but I think that in the interest of sanitation, the sacrifice will be well worth it.

-J.R.W.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

There have been rumors stirring that one of these days a mysterious form shall walk, fly, crawl, slide, or somehow enter the school and that by means of communication not at this time known shall make clear to the most disinterested student that "school spirit", for such is what this shall be, has arrived. From this point forth, there shall

(continued somewhere else)



MORE

461. NO! OPINION Well, may be.

THE GRIPERS

Thanks to the lack of curiosity and initiative of our students to investigate any statements made here, I feel free to make some minor observations about the large percentage of our student body. It is within reason to state that C.C.G.C. has more gripers per square desk and fewer activators than any institution I know of.

Echoing down those hallowed halls from the Commons oft times comes the multitudinous clamoring for a solution to the "Housing Problem." Student meetings have been held to find this solution, but only six students showed at the first meeting and nine at the next. One may ask where all the gripers were? Down in the Commons -where else?

The statement "What good is the Student Senate?" should ring a bell with some of you gripers, you've screamed it enough times. Of course while you were griping about it, the senate has tried to do something about communicating with you, like the suggestion sheet posted outside the office. Somehow these latest attempts by the Senate go unnoticed because you are sitting on your posteriors screaming about things instead of taking advantage of the opportunity you have to do something.

Your first comeback to this will be that you didn't know what was going on -and poor you never do find out what's going on until it's over. You're going to say that the school lacks communication, aren't you? It's too hard to read the bulletin board and the blackboard that take up one-third of a wall in the commons. Realizing that griping affects vision, some of the faculty managed to condense all the news into a little bite sized sheet called "The Daily Bulletin" and you still don't bother to read it and find out what's going on -things like the forming of a drama club. Instead, you sit there and gripe that the school should have a drama club. If you gripers would spend more time thinking and doing, and less time flapping your yap-pers, maybe -just maybe- you could do something constructive for a change.

-J.A.S.

SCHOOL SPIRIT
(Continued from somewhere)

be no doubts, no incriminations, no useful denials. "School Spirit" will be here and you'd better believe it.

One of the unfailing symptoms of the presence of this creature, or whatever it is, at schools across the country is attendance at sporting events sponsored and participated in by the school. For some reason unknown to this writer, class attendance apparently only indicates the presence of bodies. Attendance at basketball or football games indicates the presence of spirit.

From the moment of arrival, then, of this most hallowed of all popular college ideals, at the mere mention of "Dear Old K," whether it be concerned with games, studies, or drop-out marriages, each and every student within hearing distance shall automatically feel a pang somewhere in the chest, the surging of adrenalin, and the uncontrollable urge to shout, wave the arms, stand on the tables, or climb with fifteen other idiots into a telephone booth. We hope it all isn't being caused by heartburn.

This writer is not a stranger to the athletic fields. It is not because of an anti-athletic point of view that he expresses these sentiments. However, there are plenty of athletes, and if anything too many fans, and too damned few who know why they are either.

School spirit has become something to be sought, cherished, and worshipped much in the same manner as the tribal totemic animal. Whatever else it is, such spirit is not a symptom of higher learning.

The spirit of learning, the spirit of inquisitiveness, the spirit of "why?" and "why not?" cannot be put on with a school uniform. Those who search for school spirit would do well to search first for the meaning of education. To their everlasting surprise, they might find what they have been looking for.

-R.B.

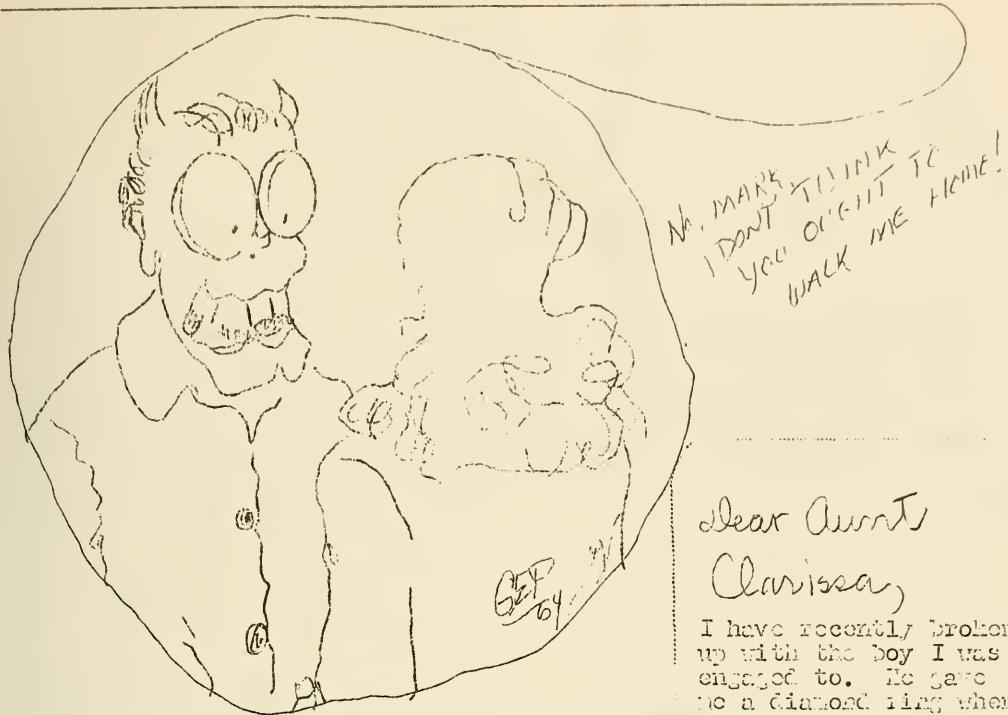
Prejudice is the child of ignorance.

-Hazlitt

Q



BEACON FEATURES



THE PROPER ETIQUETTE

Feminist readers will perhaps be confused by this title, which is a new one for an old column, and therefore, perhaps, an explanation is in order. The column was formerly titled "Good Breeding," (I'm sure most of you remember now) but there was apparently some misunderstanding over the type of paper this was and we felt a change of title was due to avoid further embarrassment to all concerned.

Today I should like to discuss plate licking. As you all know, it has been somewhat of a sticky problem. None of us feels embarrassed (except for a few die-hard aesthetes) or are particularly concerned about licking an ice cream cone. It is also considered quite all right to lick one's spoon. I might add that it is also permissible to lick a fork, but it is a bit more dangerous. Knives, of course, are a better fit for real discretion. Those who are the hardy type and thrive on challenges soon to find some satisfaction in licking a knife if that they do not receive from licking a spoon. However, there is absolutely nothing more monstrous or more barbarous than plate licking! There are some people who simply do not realize that there is a place at which one must (Start hunting...)

Dear Aunt Clarissa,

I have recently broken up with the boy I was engaged to. He gave me a diamond ring when we became engaged. Now he wants the ring back. What shall I do?

-Reluctant

Dear Reluctant,

By all means, give back the ring. Keep the diamond, but give back the ring!

*

Dear Aunt Clarissa,

I'm bugged! My mother and father won't leave us alone! They're always picking on me! I can't take it much longer! Like it's a real bad score.

-Ready-to-take-the-pipe

Dear Pi'er,

Whenever things seem darkest, that is when you must lift up your head and forge on, in the face of all adversity. Now you take Miss Lizzie Borden....

*

Dear Aunt Clarissa,

I have a problem. There is a dance coming up that I want very much to attend, but the boy I was hoping would ask me hasn't. However a boy has asked me to go with him who is a real creep! What shall I do?

-Sitting-on-a-fence

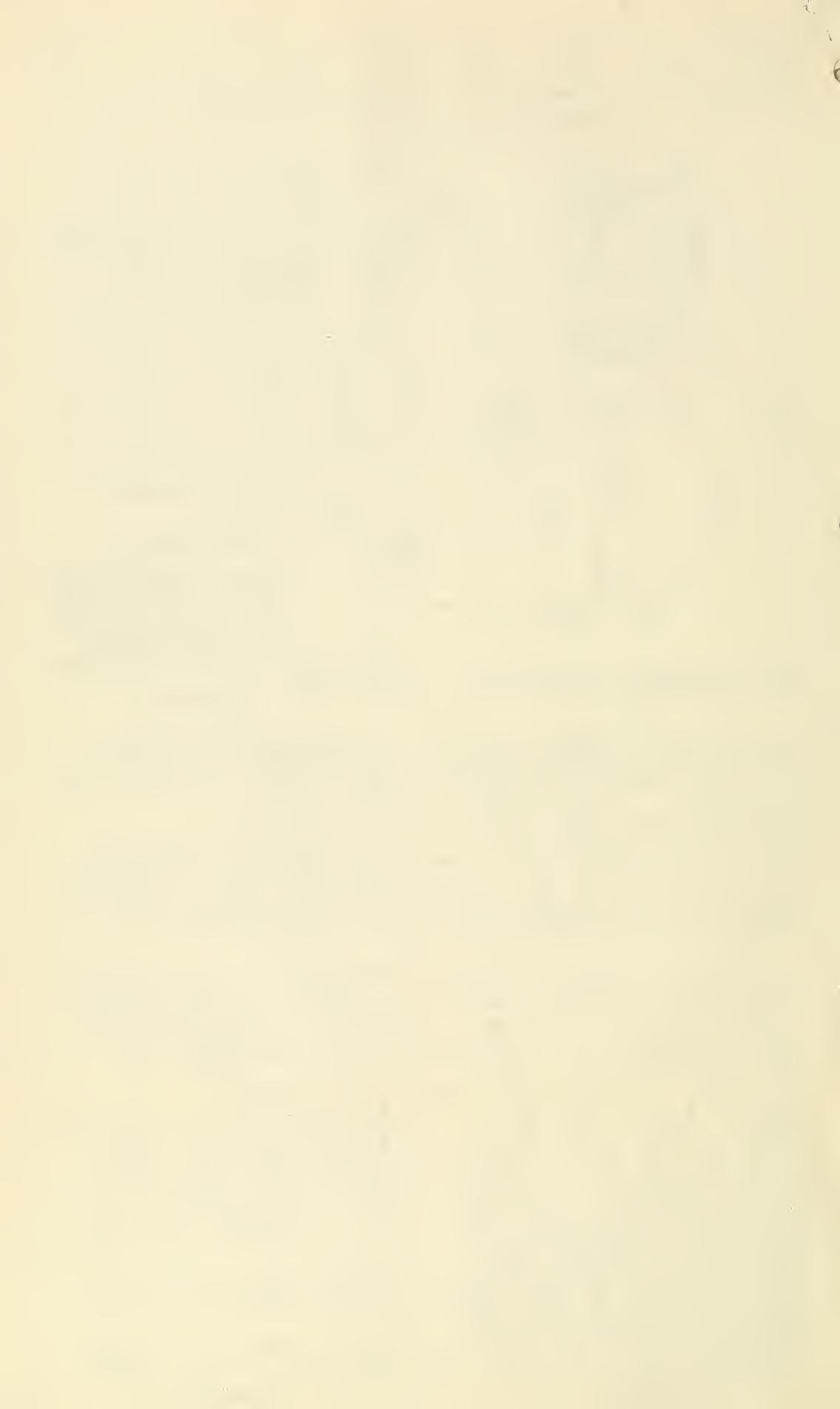
Dear Strangler,

Go with the creep and look over the crop.

*

Keep those queer anomalies coming, fans, I just love other people's troubles!

@Aunt Clarissa



MORE BEACON FEATURES



"That's right," 130 times in one class?

"Yes, Elizabeth, I was definitely a woman, just ask Sir Walter Raleigh..."

"How come Mr. Fiske has sideburns with a crewcut - am a 'mstache?"

"...taking a lady out to dinner - no matter how you dress it up, with candlelight and so forth- all you are doing is feeding an alimentary canal."

"...mess up your books -you're supposed to live with 'em."

"These things happen...this is true."

"This is why the Supreme Court gets into such a roll of a boss."

"Wouldn't it be cool if she went to the hospital and gave birth to a sprite?"

"Well, what do you think about it Mr. Huckabee?"

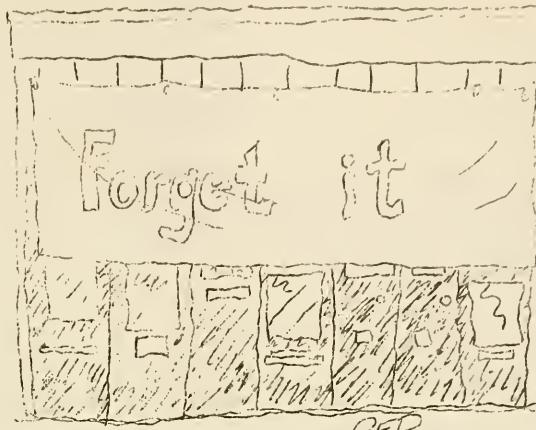
"The Beatles should either be sprayed or stomped upon."

(Hunt around. You may find the answers to "Who Said" almost any place.)

Poem Number One

The stars shone bright
and in the night
the roses
rose up,
swords in hand,
and
slew the marigolds.

-T. S. White



T.S. J.B.H.

Un jour, tu verras,

quoi ira, ira.

Un jour, tu verras,

tu verras, ça ira.

Ça ira, par-co-quo;

par-co-eue, ça ira.

Dans le monde entier,

tout le monde, tu verras,

il verra, par-co-eue,

ça ira, mais oui,

c'est vrai.

Un jour,

tu verras,

ça ira.

Ça ira.

-T. S. White

Poem Number Two

The moonlit silhouette
of the arthritic pine
traced a pattern intricate
across the freshly fallen
snow.

-T. S. White

STILL MORE BEACON FEATURES

THE "CRUMB PLATE"
(Ah ha! You found it!)

draw the line the line and that
plate licking is it!

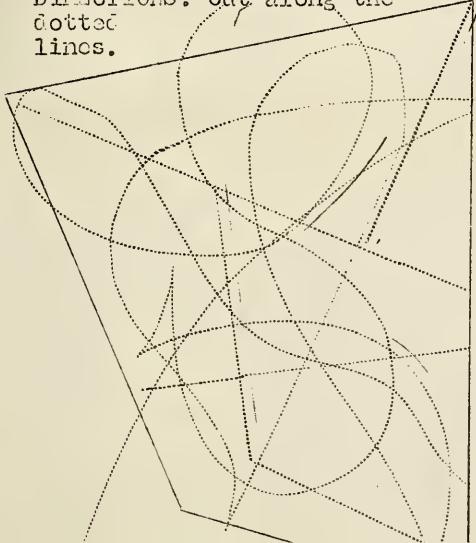
This column received a letter this past week quoting a supposed authority on "the propriety of licking ones plate for dried crumbs. Blah! It is certainly no more improper to lick ones plate for dried crumbs than it would be to lick for gravy drippings. As a matter of fact, I should think it would be even less proper in light of all decent motivations. Let us all look to common and appropriate integrity and once and for all renounce this abominable and odious practice and the decadent scoundrels who would suffer us to acknowledge this act of porridy as anything but exceedingly louthsome and the most coarsly opprobrious of all ideas for sensitive and civilized men and women!

ANSWERS TO "WHO SAID" (Located elsewhere in this peerless publication)

1. Mr. Manning
2. Mr. Fiske
3. Just Guess!
4. Dean Mitchell
5. Mr. Clark
6. Dean Hanna
7. Just Guess!
8. Dick Tibbets
9. Mr. Browne
10. Dean Hanna

PULZE

DIRECTIONS: Cut along the dotted lines.



DEATH

WHAT I DIED?
WHO CAN SAY?
IS IT BLACK?
OR WHITE AS DAY?

Darkness and dark! All I can see is darkness. The ground is damp, and everything is black. Imprisoned by dirt. Black dirt! I must be forty feet down. No! Fifty feet is closer, yes, fifty feet. Each foot filled with dark, black mud. Sinister mud. Black as death and muddy as Hell! Death, Hell, mud, my mind has left me. Who would believe that I live in a hole. Yes, a hole and I'm happy. Yes, happy as my friend the Worm. Worms, roaches, and things, they all live with me. We're all happy. The snake is not happy, though. He has no friends. I have my worms, my black dirty worms. Dammit! I wish I could see. I must be ugly. Ugly as the worms, no, ugly as the snake. The snake is ugly, so ugly and so deadly. If I could only see. Snakes see, they see very well.

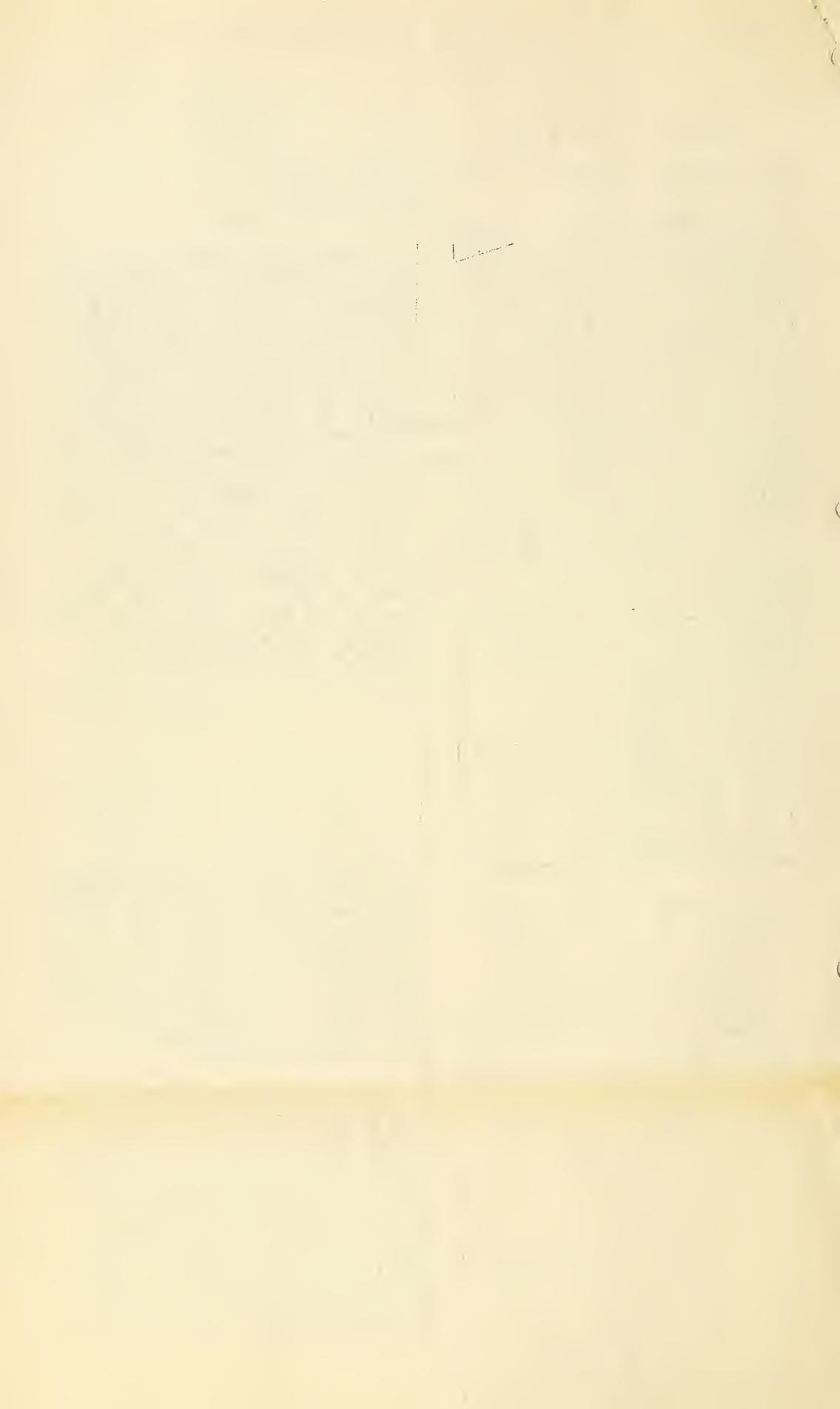
-George Metcalf

... AND MORE OPINION

It is distressing to see so many of our fellow teenage students affiliated with politically oriented clubs and organizations. I am speaking specifically of the Young Republican Club notices which have appeared around the school. I understand that the club opens its membership to students in their late teens and encourages them to take part in the activities of the Republican Party.

I do not feel that these fresh young minds should be exposed to the slanted views of one particular party. At a time when their ideals and standards are being formed through exposure to education and the outside world, I feel that the interests of Democracy would be best served by allowing these teenagers to retain an open mind. These young students will better voters if they are exposed to general knowledge of world affairs rather than to the inverted telescope view of any one group.

-J.E.M.



THE BEACON

VOL. 3 #4

MAY, 1964

Young Republicans (Cont.)

STUDENT SENATE

After 2 weeks campaigning, the results are in on the Student Senate elections. The following four students will represent the student body next year. For President, Ron Champaux, Fall River; Vice President, Lenny Setts; Clarkson, New Bedford; Secretary, Debbie Carver, E. Bridgewater; and Treasurer, James Church, Barnstable.

Statements from the new officers;

President-

"I'd like to thank all the students, who through their votes, showed their confidence in me. I hope to justify this confidence through action. I also would like to thank those students who didn't vote for me but just for voting."

Vice President-

"I would like to give my thanks and show my appreciation to all fellow students who participated in the voting for Student Senate officials, and I would like to ask that their enthusiasm continue throughout the coming year."

Secretary-

"I'd like to express my sincere appreciation to all those who were kind enough to vote for me. I'll do my best to live up to their expectations."

Treasurer-

"Fellow freshmen, I sincerely thank you for your faith and support. I will do my best to serve our class and our school."

college clubs which sent delegates, ours was the smallest college and the only state school represented. Our delegates to the convention were; Peter Hesse, Judy Dow, Diane Dugan, Jane Tobin and Greta Vendt. Alternates Dick Tibbets and Dianna Panesis also attended.

We feel that it is much to this college's credit to be so well represented in the elective offices of the Massachusetts Council of Young Republicans.

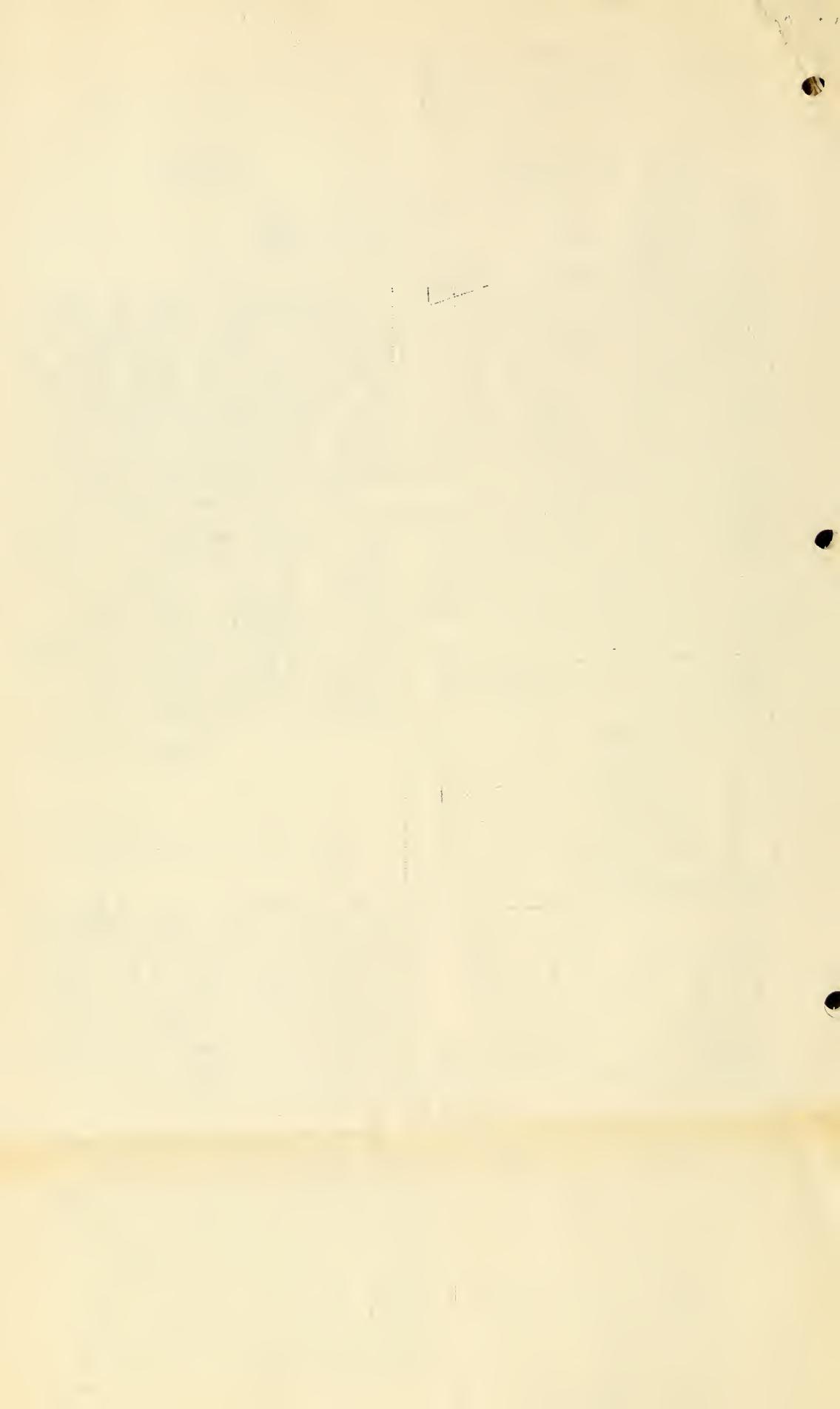
Well, here we go again! For the third time since Cape Cod Community College opened its scholarly portals to our present Freshman Class, The Beacon is undergoing a change. It is doubtful that any of us are proud of all these changes, but we must remember that where there is growth, there is pain. Perhaps we have learned a lesson: we now realize that it is possible for the entire student body to pull together and work toward a common goal which affects us and our school. The newly reorganized Beacon staff will put out a good paper which will strive to present a cross section of student opinion as well as campus news. We think the Beacon should be a Student paper, and your cooperation is essential. The staff will welcome any contributions you would like to make, whether it means permanently joining our staff or submitting a single article. Let's have a good, substantial Beacon, organized and flourishing by the time our doors open for the Class of '65.

YOUNG REPUBLICANS

The 4 C's Young Republican Club would like to publicly congratulate Diane Dugan and Jane Tobin who were elected to state offices at the recent annual Convention of the Mass. Council of Young Republicans Clubs. The Convention elected both Diane and Jane as female alternates to the New England College Caucus. Diane was also elected to the Executive Committee of the Mass. Council. It was interesting to note that of the many

Senior students have received formal notification of their acceptance at four year colleges and universities. Those students who will be seen on a different campus are: Larry Todd at Clark; Mrs. Emma Adams at Bridgewater; Fred Winling at Air Force Academy; and Arminda Ferreira at Fanning.

ONWARD



THE BEACON

VOL. 3 #4

MAY, 1964

Young Republicans (Cont.)

STUDENT ELEVATE

After a week's campaign, the results are in on the Student Senate elections. The following four students will represent the student body next year. For President, Ron Champaux, Fall River; Vice President, Lenny Clarkson, New Bedford; Secretary, Debbie Carver, E. Bridgewater; and Treasurer, James Church, Barnstable.

Statements from the new officers;
President-

"I'd like to thank all the students, who through their votes, showed their confidence in me. I hope to justify this confidence through action. I also would like to thank those students who didn't vote for me but just for voting."

Vice President-

"I would like to give my thanks and show my appreciation to all fellow students who participated in the voting for Student Senate officials, and I would like to ask that their enthusiasm continue throughout the coming year."

Secretary-

"I'd like to express my sincere appreciation to all those who were kind enough to vote for me. I'll do my best to live up to their expectations."

Treasurer-

"Fellow freshmen, I sincerely thank you for your faith and support. I will do my best to serve our class and our school."

college clubs which sent delegates, ours was the smallest college and the only state school represented. Our delegates to the convention were; Peter Nese, Judy Dow, Diane Dugan, Jane Tobin and Greta Vendt. Alternates Dick Tibbetts and Dianna Panesis also attended.

We feel that it is much to this college's credit to be so well represented in the elective offices of the Massachusetts Council of Young Republicans.

Well, here we go again! For the third time since Cape Cod Community College opened its scholarly portals to our present Freshman Class, The Beacon is undergoing a change. It is doubtful that any of us are proud of all these changes, but we must remember that where there is growth, there is pain. Perhaps we have learned a lesson: we now realize that it is possible for the entire student body to pull together and work toward a common goal which affects us and our school. The newly reorganized Beacon staff will put out a good paper which will strive to present a cross section of student opinion as well as campus news. We think the Beacon should be a Student paper, and your cooperation is essential. The staff will welcome any contributions you would like to make, whether it means permanently joining our staff or submitting a single article. Let's have a good, substantial Beacon, organized and flourishing by the time our doors open for the Class of '65.

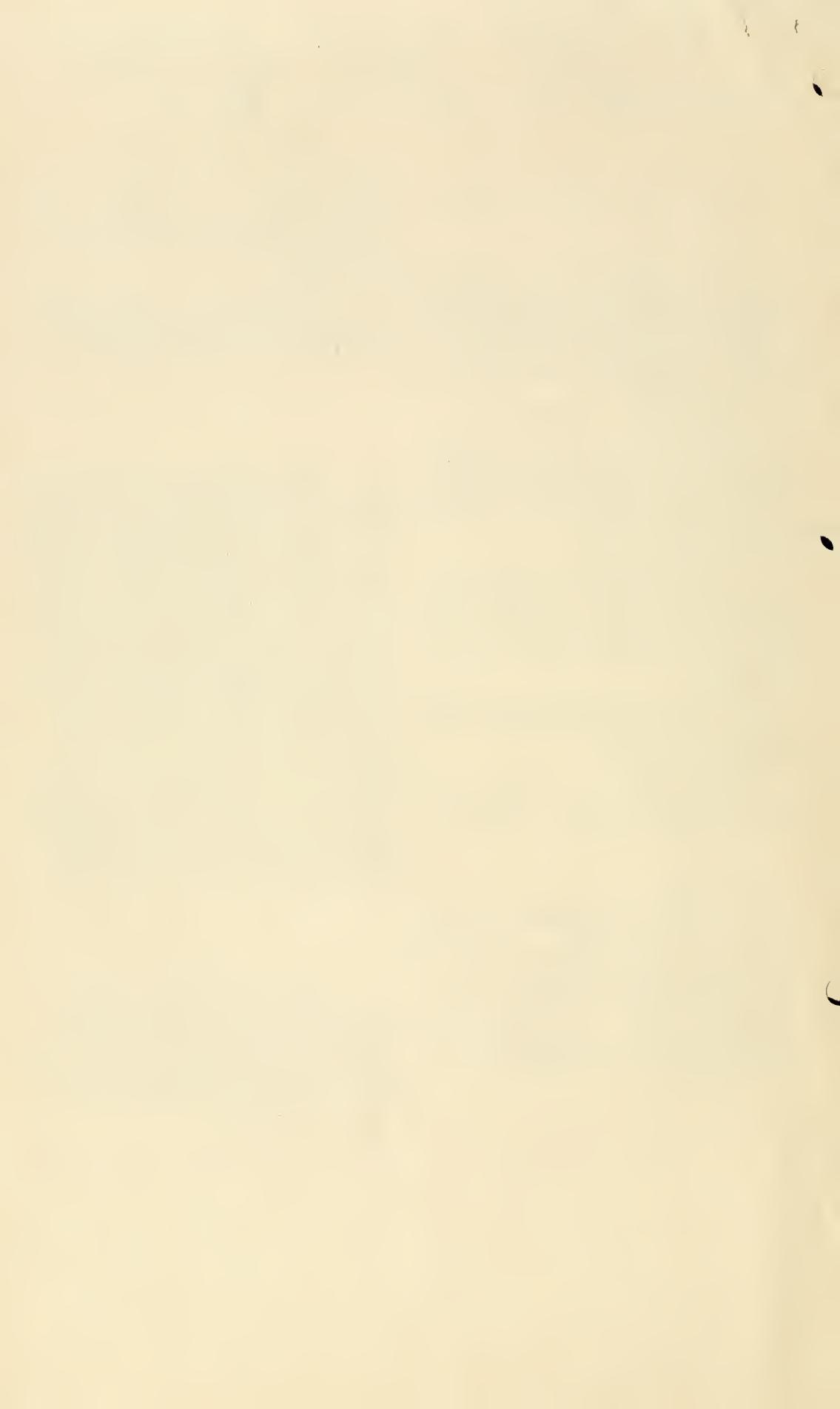
YOUNG REPUBLICAN

The 4 C's Young Republican Club would like to publicly congratulate Diane Dugan and Jane Tobin who were elected to state offices at the recent annual Convention of the Mass. Council of Young Republicans Clubs.

The Convention elected both Diane and Jane as female alternates to the New England College Caucus. Diane was also elected to the Executive Committee of the Mass. Council. It was interesting to note that of the many

formal notification of their acceptance at four year colleges and universities. Those students who will be seen on a different campus are: Larry Todd at Clark; Mrs. Erna Adams at Bridgewater; Fred Winling at Air Force Academy; and Arminda Ferreira at Farnhamton.

ONWARD



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

In the recent edition of the Beacon, several defamatory remarks were made concerning the Young Republic Club. As President of this organization, I wish to take this opportunity to state the purpose and functions of our Club in hopes of clearing up some of the misconceptions propagated by the article.

Our Club provides an opportunity for those over eighteen who are interested in good government to become engaged in an active political program. Through Young Republicans, they can develop their political knowledge and understanding and thereby become more effective and better informed citizens. Education, then, is the basic purpose of our Club. The purpose of this college is to educate and develop the "whole man," as President Nickerson stated in his Inaugural Address. What better way is there to become politically educated and therefore a more informed person than through a politically oriented organization?

In order to gain a better understanding of our Club's functions, I think it best to explain the state-wide organization of Young Republican Clubs. There are two types of Young Republican Clubs: college and town. The Massachusetts Council of Young Republican Clubs charters each club after it has drawn up its own constitution. Upon receiving its charter, each elects five delegates and five alternates to represent it at the monthly meetings of the Massachusetts Council. The fact that each club has five votes in the Council places our Club on the same footing with Harvard, MIT, Brookline, Greater Boston, etc. These monthly meetings of the Massachusetts Council give the members of our Club an opportunity to expand their horizons, to see every facet of politics—the good, bad, exciting and monotonous sides of it. They meet aspiring politicians and participate in a practical application of democratic principles.

At this time, our Club is not actively campaigning for any candidate. Next fall after the Republican National Convention, our Club will, after lengthy discussion and consideration, decide by mutual consent, which candidate we wish to support. Then our members will have the opportunity to work for their candidates through actual campaigning.

The members of our Club would welcome a Young Democrats Club here. Besides the fact that we feel a Young Democrats Club would give even more students a chance to learn to become more responsible citizens, we do not want Cape Cod Community College to be a one-party school any more than our critics do.

Dear Editor:

I am very glad to hear that the Beacon has once again returned to C.C.C.C. It was once a worthwhile newspaper, and I, as well as many other students, hope that it will continue to be just that. I hope that it will be informative as it has been in the past, and also I hope that it will remain sturdy, so that we the students can say, "What a great paper."

Sincerely,

An Interested Student

Dear Editor:

Let's keep the Beacon on its feet this time, not down on its back. Let's have the paper we once had. The students want and need a paper, and most of them are ready to give help if it is needed. So get on the ball and let's get the press rolling.

D.F.

Beacon Staff

Editor In Chief - Brian Souza

Co-Editor - Judy Dow

Business Manager - Pat Di Pietro

Correspondence Editor - Mary Lou Buckley

News Editors-

Beacon: Lydia Almedia

Bulletin: Stephanie Zanco

Variety Editor - Sally Lyon

Sports Editor - Ron Champoux

Art Editor - George Parmenter

Literary Editors - Audrey Leach
Helen Cochran

Daniel Hart

Ron Carron



CLUB NEWS

KAPPAS

Service Clubs Join Forces

The Service Clubs of C.C.C.C. will again be devoting their time to another worthy cause. On Thursday, May 7th, at the Masonic Temple on Main Street, from 10 AM to 7 PM the Lion's Club will sponsor a Pancake Festival with the proceeds going to the Handi Craft Workshop in Barnstable. The following students from the three service clubs have volunteered:

J. Manchester, T. Rapoza, J. Cottrill, J. Rezendes, J. Patricks, B. Steele, J. Griffiths, S. Zanco, L. Almeida, J. Richards, E. Woolley, B. Tavares, B. Johnson, P. Frazier, B. Crowl, J. Ferro, M. Osborne, P. Broderick, P. Ireland, D. Carver, J. Melevesky, J. Guidaboni, E. Payton, E. Vaughn, D. Machado, R. Davis, P. Yosefek, K. Ryan, P. Denehy, M. Baachmann, M. Buckley, B. Manning, M. Eldridge, and D. Pettingil.

Phi Delta Psi

On April 23, Phi Delta Psi elected five officers for next year. Those elected are; Dennis Ingram, Walter Barboza, which was built by the Club. Dave Harrnit, Ed Vaughn, and James Manchester.

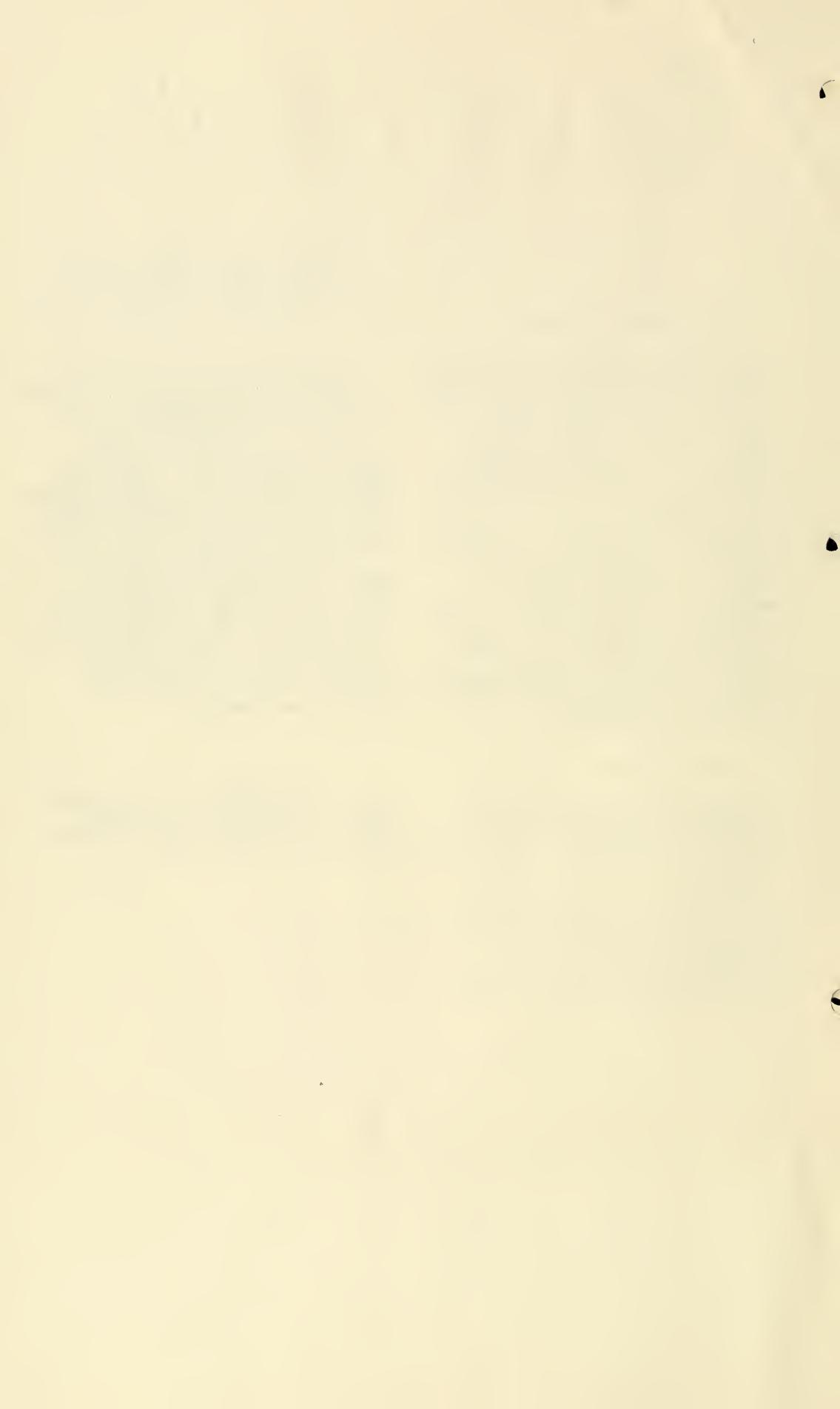
Phi Delta Psi was also responsible for the barn dance on Sunday in West Yarmouth, which lasted from 2 o'clock until dusk. There were also records and refreshments. There was a hay ride as well as horse rides. Maps were passed out last Thursday.

Kappa is the only girl's Service Club at Cape Cod Community College. The Club is dedicated to helping others.

The following girls are doing volunteer work at Cape Cod Hospital: Maureen Eldridge, Bonnie Steele, Jean Guidaboni, Maureen Osborne, Jean Melevsky, Barbara Manning, Diane Pettengill, Pat Ireland, Lydia Almeida, Stephanie Zanco, Juan Patrick, and Jean Rezendes.

During the week of April 20th, the Kappas had one of their scheduled meetings, and at that time planned to order their club pins. Plan of the Cake Sale, which is to be held Thursday, May 8, was also discussed. The girls also decided at this time to render their services as waitresses for the Aunt Jenina Pancake Festival.

The Mug Club hopes that everyone enjoyed the activities at the Spring Week-end; and in particular the bonfire



SERENDIPITY

SNOOPY
Seagull



Greetings students! I'M glad to be back on active duty. You can't imagine how good it is to be out of that stuffy drawer that somebody put me into a couple of months ago. I'm a wee bit dusty, but very much alive and anxious to catch up on all that has been happening since my confinement in the Beacon office.

The first thing I did when I was released was to fly through the Commons--- where was everybody? I heard a few grumblos from the hallway outside the Commons door. What was that remark Shakespeare? Oh yes, "Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss, but cheerily seek how to redress their harms." Take heed ye commoners!

I had a long talk with the custodians the other day, and they have asked me to ask you to refrain from parking your cars in the driveway directly in front of the school. Those of you who do park there cause a mass traffic jam daily.

Enough lecturing for now Snoops!.... I get carried away with my renewed power in mass media. Lets turn to brighter things, like that little thing with the billious green hair that you carry in your pocket Rodney. Tsk, tsk at your age?!

Bob Gordon, what is this sudden craving for straight gingerale? Man..... are you ill?

A suggestion has been made to install a juke box in the commons... unfortunately the young man who made the suggestion insists that there must be at least one complete opera on it.

It is reasonable to assume that a female is not expected to be adept in the art of repairing automobiles, but Jane... GLUE??!

Things are getting tense on the political scene; I overheard plans initiated by a few 'YOUNG' Repbulicans to picket Nate Ward's non-partisan ivory tower

What is it with the Irish these days? Eh? Do they all forget to forget?

Karen and Barbara, shell out the \$, the poor Bear is starving to death!

Grata, is it true that freckle-face girls have more fun?

Well, the Jungle League is ending a spectacular season at the Armory with a tooth and nail battle. Marky, there's

nothing like a good losor!

I understand that Judy Dow has been selected as this year's poster girl by The Harvar Square League for the Advancement of Non-descript Characters.

Fred Winling, why don't you wear that sheepskin sweatshirt right side out? After all, I'm sure that lots of people have them with pictures of Bach on the front.

Bonnie and cohorts... do you always burst into strange apartments in times of stress? Girls, who wants to go to Boston?

To Peanuts, happiness is a warm puppy, to Bruce, happiness is THAT blue ski sweater. Speaking of sweaters, it seems that the Hound has been attacked by a giant moth. Have you no modesty?

Spring is here, for I have noticed several new romances blossoming. Sue Simpson and Dick Baker have set the date, Karen Nordberg has become engaged, and Lennie seems to be in love with himself more every day! Congrats to all five!

Behave yourselves, because I'll be winging 'round the campus. Watch out! Who says I wouldn't dare!

Ciao,

Snoopy

NOW I ASK YOU

Question: What do you feel can be done to combat the rowdiness of young people on the Cape in the summer?

Answers: "Greater parental supervision and more teenage recreation facilities would alleviate the problem."

Ted Labrecque

"The people who have been hurt by the few rowdies who cause trouble tend to throw the blame on the majority who are by and large just fun loving kids. You can never get rid of the sc-called rowdies until these few are weeded out. Cape Cod should not be turned into a rest home for the "old folks" however. I say to fellow residents, be patient, the summer is only ten weeks in lenght. I see no real trying problem."

Richard Archer

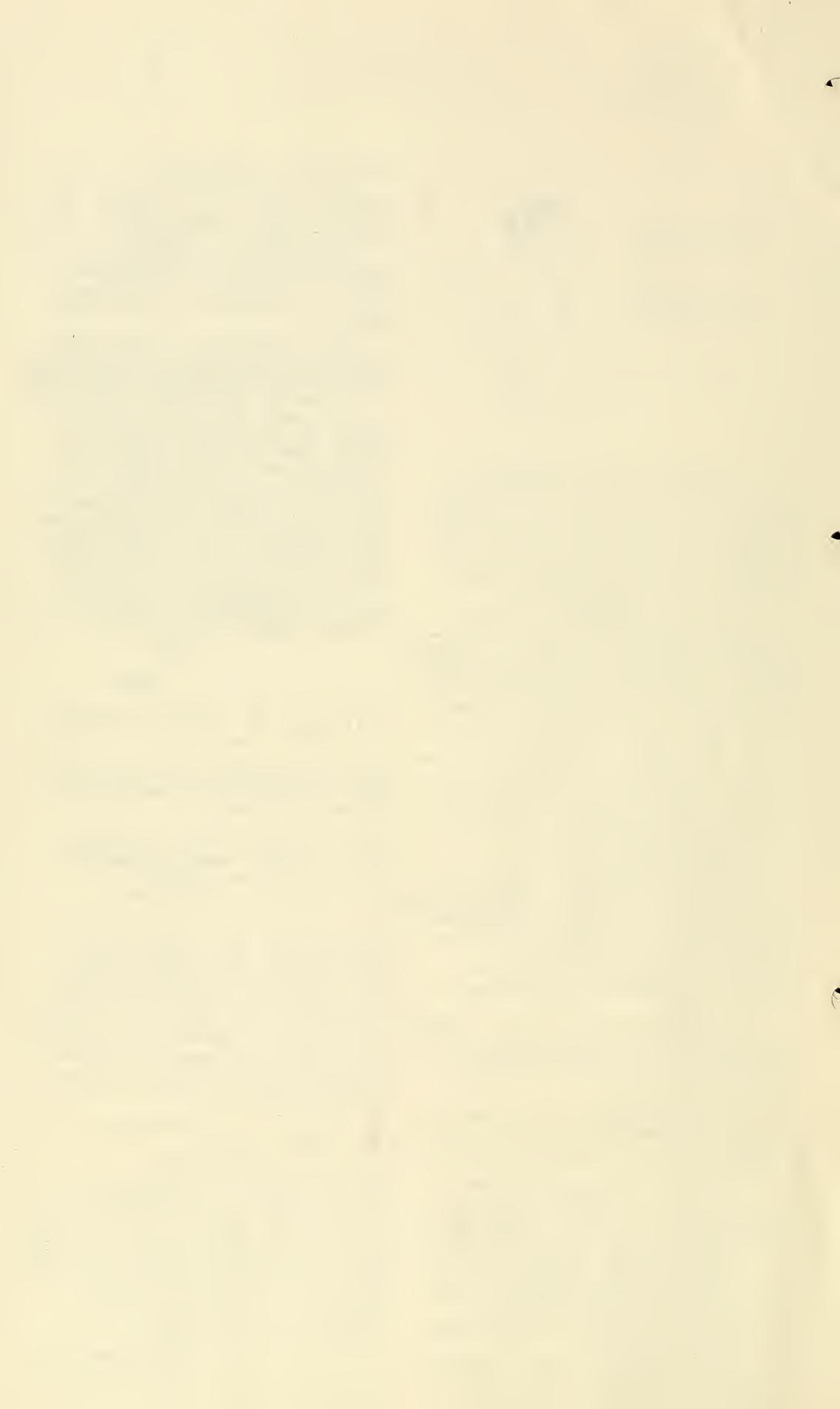
"Build bigger jails."

R.S. White

"All people coming to the Cape for employment should be registered with the police. If they do not have the work and do not have the suitable means to support themselves without employment as a tourist should be ordered off the Cape. This will curb a lot of transient traffic and consequently, will curb much of the vandalism caused by people who come to the Cape for a 'good time'."

D.B. Greenman

"All children under 21 should be compelled by law to register with the police



MORE SERENDIPITY

CONTINUED* NOW I ASK YOU
in the respective towns when obtaining
lodgings on Cape Cod."

Bob Gordon

"Build tourist concentration camps."
Anonymous

FAIRY TALE WORDS

"I went into this place to eat... You
know - aquick and dirty..."

Mr. Browne

"The house looked all fight, but when I
saw that green bird bath with a pink
statue in it... GACK!"

George Parmenter

"But WHY do you wear those terrible dresses"

Frank Cornwell

"Eat food, its a meal in itself."

Anonymous

"Look out, here comes that lecherous old
lady."

Paul Bergquist

"I'm not getting bald... I'm just having
a crop failure."

Ted Labrecque

"One of the basic arguments against having
lawyers in Congress is that they can see
the trees and miss the forest."

Mr. Fiske

"Happiness is not synonmous with
contentment. When your'e content with
your lot, all progress stops."

Dean Hanna

ASTROLOGY

Well, it's that time again and Taurus
is in the mind and hearts of all of us
who feel a particular kinship with him and
the special significance that he and he
alone (for that is how we feel about him)
can bring us at this date. As is the usual
order of events, I will first report on
his State of Being.

We were a bit upset for the first few
hours over his Hyades. A few old astrology
friends know, the Hyades are a V-shaped
cluster of stars which are the material
manifestations of our dear ones head (?
- ED.) You can just imagine what a shock
it was when during the first few crucial
hours it appeared that the "V" sagged
into a "U". It would, of course, have been
nothing but blasphemy to have noticed it
and so of course we pretended we didn't
until the crisis had passed. And usually,
it was nothing but an aberration, quite
probably set up by the energy force
emanating from a nearby revelling group
of non-believers. We won though, and we
can afford to laugh now.

Unfortunately, this wasn't the end of
our travil. Another one of the pleiades
appeared to have gone off and hidden
somewhere. Well, naturally we expected a
scandal but after the first few strained



Dear Auntie Clarissa,

Most gracious gossip monger and
dispatcher of illustrative garbage: I
need your help. I have judiciously pract-
iced the science of "writing fot the
teacher." I have conscientiously thrown
back gems of dubious value. I have
openly avowed my disgust of anything
smacking of original thought. Yet I still
have trouble writing like a hack. What
can I do to further improve my grades?

Bothered and Bewildered

Dear B.B.,

I shouldn't think you would have
any trouble at all writing; like a hack;
you did quite nicely in your letter to me.
However, if you are really interested in
improving your grades, why don't you spend
more time on your subjects and less time
writing crank letters to busy little
old ladies like me.

Dear Aunt Clarissa,

A few weeks ago a friend got me a
blind date. He said she was really nice,
but she turned out to be a club-footed
midget who was a lush. I was very nice
to her because I don't want to hurt
her fellings. Now she thinks I like her
and she keeps pestering me to take her out
again. What should I do?

Miserable

Dear miserable,

Put a little fun in her life. Take her
to an Arthur Murray Dance party.

Dear Aunt Clarissa,

Do you think that a girl of twenty
is too young for a boy of twenty-eight?

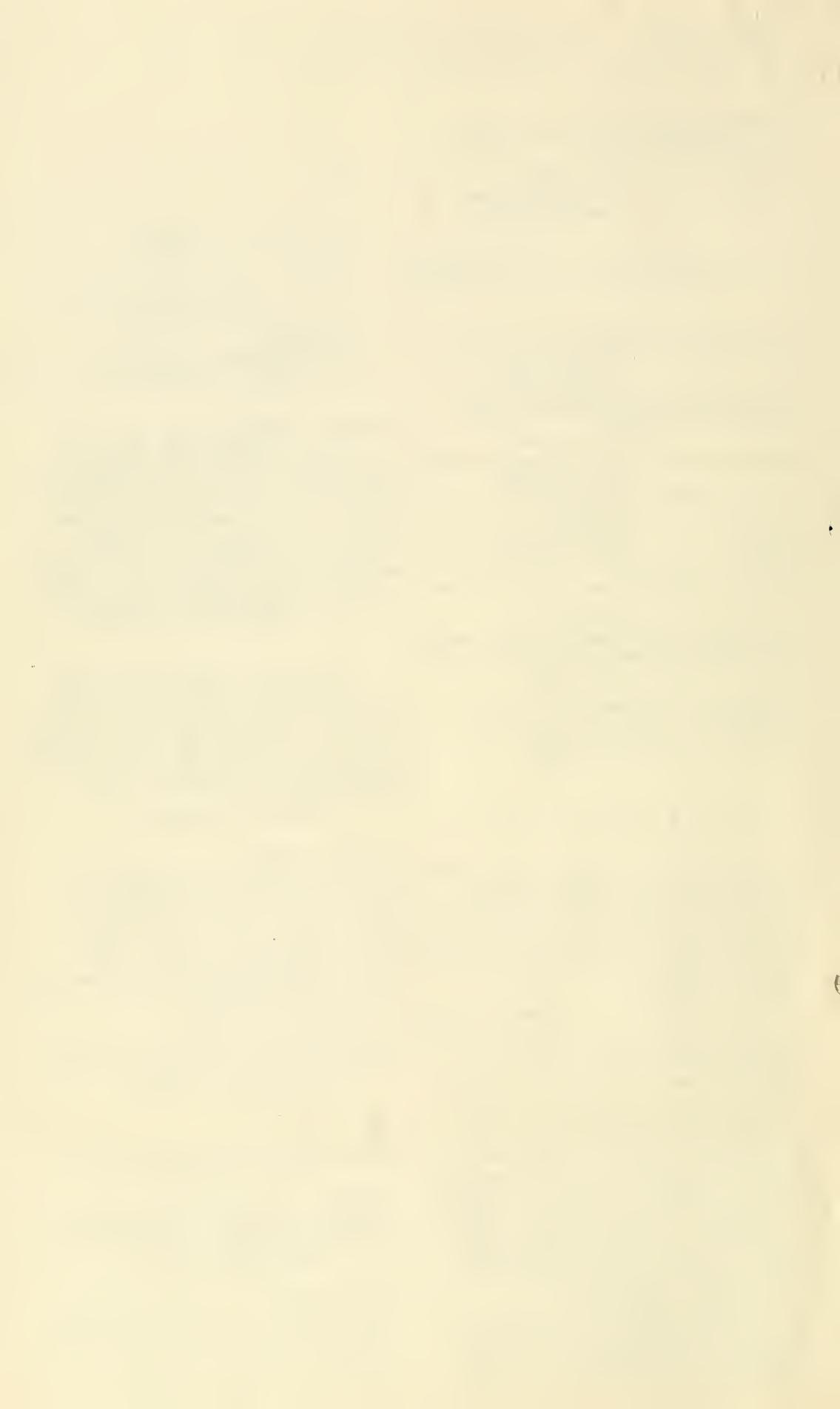
Scared Silly

Dear S.S.,

Well, as the young belles of my day
were wont to tell their beaus, "If you
got the money, honey, I got the time."

Dear Aunt Clarissa,

I got Great Political power in
Southeastern Massachusetts. I havr fallen
in love with a Great Politcal power in
Central Massachusetts. Alas, we are
separated by geography, topography, and



AUD ETC.

AUNT CLARISSA CONTINUED

I think that he doesn't know I exist. I would do anything for him, even give up my political power. That's what should I do? Definitely not a Democrat

Dear D.D.

Initiate a referendum and have him recalled, I suppose.

ASTROLOGY CONT'D

moments we decided to wait and see and hope for the best. It has always been a puzzle (and at times a point of shame) that most Beloved Master should pick seven such doubtful females to represent him, especially in this part of his most Beauteous anatomy. But enough of that. Calacno showed up finally and we were able to get the show on the road.

Here is my forecast for the month. As all you girls know, this is leap year and Taurus tells us that it's okey to let him if you think you can get him...

no they're bored... Hey Mary-lou, do they have to eat that again tonight?... Wonder what Wayne H. does every Saturday night? Could he really be working?... Jimmy M. Chester, one more time and you'll find yourself out of a place to sleep... Dick T. how is the water? Don't you think it's still a little cold... Mr. L. Mar that foreign car of yours got you home again.. Joe Ditcher, what is so good at Beachwood? Jimmy Marzini... You can still get a "B" in Lit.... Ruth, don't give up the ship...

Well, that's it for this week. I'll be seeing you, anywhere, and everywhere.

SPORTS

GIANTS

UPSET

BOMBERS

THROUGH THE

8

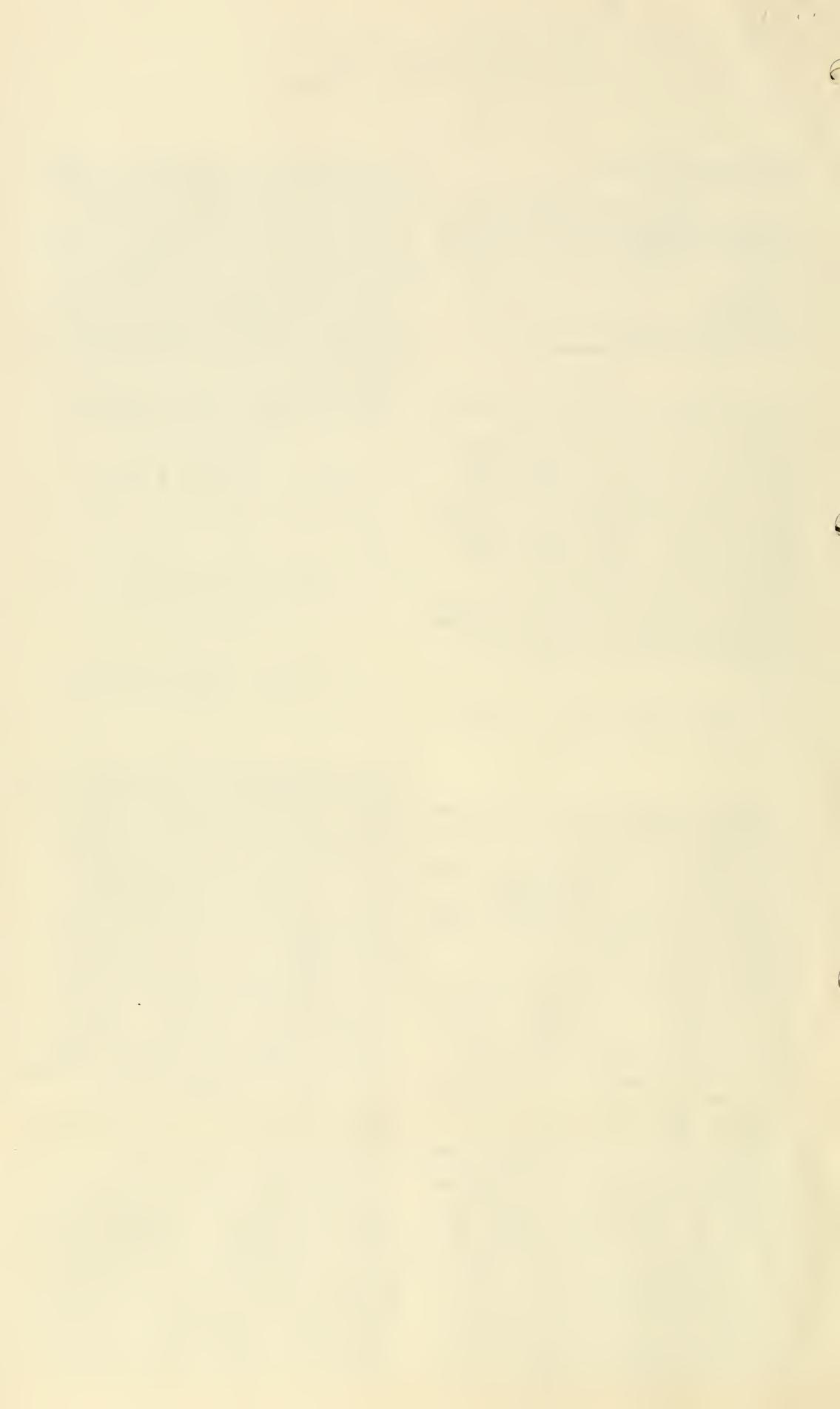
Spring week-end has past, and I've been watching and listening to all the buzzing and humming that can be heard in the Cafeteria, in the locker room, on the stairs, and even in the Main Lower. Everyone is busy thinking and talking about the week-end that was here. Yes, everyone is busy including me. Here's my recordings of the college for this week:

Bruce, what's so good about the Harbor Light or Sea Street? Can't you tear yourself away even for the sunner? Speaking of the Harbor, Mr. Jones tell me that Jim has put on some weight since he moved there. Hey Poto, it's a good thing you didn't break it again.... Carol, which do you prefer, BC boys or the boys from U Mass... Jean, what are they serving tonight, coffee, tea, or milk... Why do procters keep their doors locked... What's bringing G... out of the library these days? Could it be Steve S... John C. what is an engaged boy like you being seen nightly with one Bonnie S... Yc=yo, where did you keep her... Anyone missing a hat and top coat... Jim, Paul and Kevin, how are your backs lately? Is B doing a good job... Hey Kev, how many times a week do you wash that floor... Is that right Brian? Did he really live with you for a year?... Gordie, a little lower and to the right... How come the St. Louis have taken up playing jacks? Don't tell

The unbelievable has happened. The tired old veterans have emerged victorious in their encounter with the youthful Bombers for the Intra-mural Championship of 1963-1964 season. Tired old veterans like Rolly Hicks, Ron Champoux, Barry Foss, Jim C. Trill, Bill Perry, Dave Armstrong, Pat Calahan, and Bob "Sam" Parent have proven themselves in a best out of three encounters. After losing the initial game of the series, the Giants came back in the second game to trounce their foes. And, with the chips on the table in the third game, the "old pros" got up for the game and won decisively.

It was a rough, tough ball game, with each team committing its share of errors. At the close of the first period, the score read: Bombers, 17, Giants 14. In the second period, with Mr. Hicks leading the way, the Giants outscored them 18-15, and as the buzzer sounded to end the half, the teams were deadlocked 32-32.

In the dressing room at the half, we could hear Coach Champoux blasting his charges. Whatever he did or said paid off, for in the third period the Giants were a different ball club. With Hicks connecting on jump shots and Calahan hitting "from way downtown," the Giants outscored the Bombers 19-9, to take a 51-41 lead into the fourth quarter. It is interesting to note that Bruce McPherson didn't play after the first half due to an injury, and this is when the Giant offense capit-



LITERARY

NIGHTMARE

First there is a huge flash. We look toward Otis. We wait for the heat, for the wipe-out, for annihilation. It doesn't come. She comes--- driving a black Sprite with the top down. I am embarrassed, not because of the Cowboy boots I am wearing, but because there is someone else with me, and she has on a dressing gown. The end is coming, and I will be caught. Disappear, damn intriguer.

I am not I und out, everything is O. K.
But they have the country. Germans, again. I am not afraid-- we shall overcome. Give me that ice cream cone, it's dripping. There's a coded message inside. It's the first step in forming an underground. If we could only kill their leader. But...

We have to escape. They are so arrogant
We shall play on it. Smile at the guard
darling, while I dive into the water.

Dear their propellers! I am perfectly safe under this raft, I think. The ships are moving away; their huge alloyed blades whirling and churning. No, they are stopping. They are coming back, stern-first, toward the raft. How do they know I am under here?!

They are trying to crush me. Please, raft, be strong, and repel those monstrous stems. Their whole fleet is a red and white mass, forward and back, splintering the pilings, trying to obliterate me.

D., their propellers! Plague-carrying monkeys and unhappy crew-members are climbing down to join me. My rep. I have tied their whole comical Navy to the dock.

Here comes their leader. Short, short-haired, disgusting, nationalistic bastard. Look at his cronies. They cannot have our green lawns and tree-lined parkways, or our gold-domed capitol.

I'll shoot him: I want to stab him, or
crush his skull!

I don't want to run for office, fellas,
where is my girl?

FOCUS

Stars shining during
A misty, foggy night, haunt
The carcass of an owl.
The yellow moon glares down
Upon the rippling
Muddled riddle of death.

The dark black sky
Surrounds
The sty of a pig.
The scaly fish sleep in the thirsty
World of salt.

SPORTS CONT'D

alized.

In the fourth quarter, the Bombers took up the offensive and the Back Braden-ki team came on, the Bombers scoring the last 6 points. On the 6th play, called a 1st and 10, instead of Bill Peck, he himself, entered the lineup. He scored the two key points with the game, as Clegg and Saux quickly tallied. Clegg was the man that put the Giants in a hole in the 4th quarter. It was now all over but the shouting, as the Giants played well at the click.

The Barbers, though the last, play
a major role in the sacrifice of a station
to Dick Brzinski, and with Sullivan
who holds the torch to justice.

as far the pitcher, well, but can get . but notice the . Wally Kick-
clacker, in wit 35 bi per. 3 b
Purcell helped around on his injured
leg as pitcher & warmer. Pat Calahan
who has been the 2nd's (Frank Barry)
played a fine game, however, as a c
Bill Farley played a good streak, offensive
game, Barry doesn't care on the
rub and court at t, as in Jim Cettrill
and Chuck Monk Chiroux, in in ad-
dition to his fine pitcher ship is on the
bench, providing the star in the 4th
period which ultimately led to vic-
tory and the class division.

our late visit to this fine town, who were long engaged in their flight at the Armory, in Ley, for their cure, and determination, which led to the victory they so nobly deserved.

PUBLISHER'S CREDIT

All the true shall inherit
the earth.

14

Solicit

"Take me to the rich and give to the poor"
It's not like us to cry if Robin Hood
A virtuous life for which he st
It's not like us to political love.

Put another Nickel In

Bobby Baker set a picnic basket to the
air.
"Hi Bobby Baker to the pianist," they
a taste of it were?
"Par excellence!" said Bobby Baker.
"I'll take it to Irene,
and will come back and get it in my machine.

